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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

KING HENRY VI. Part II.
KING HENRY VI. Part III.
KING RICHARD III.
KING HENRY VIII.

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MDCCLXVII.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

THE

SECOND PART

OF

King *HENRY* VI.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Humphry *Duke of* Glouceſter,
Cardinal Beauford, *Bp. of* Wincheſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Duke of York, *pretending to the crown.*
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Somerſet, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk,
Earl of Saliſbury,
Earl of Warwick, } *Of the* York *Faction.*
Lord Clifford, *of the King's Party.*
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, *Governor of the* Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, *his Brother.*
Alexander Iden, *a* Kentiſh *Gentleman.*
Young Clifford, *Son to the Lord* Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet,
Richard Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of* York.
Vaux, *A Sea Captain, and* Walter Whitmore—*Pirates.*
A Herald.
Hume *and* Southwel, 2 *Prieſts.*
Bolingbrook, *an Aſtrologer.*
A Spirit, attending on Jordan *the Witch.*
Thomas Horner, *an Armourer.*
Peter, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, *an Impoſtor.*
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick *the Butcher,* Smith *the Weaver, and ſeveral others, Rebels.*
Margaret, *Queen to King* Henry VI. *ſecretly in Love with the Duke* Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, *Wife to the Duke of* Glouceſter.
Mother Jordan, *a Witch employ'd by the Dutcheſs of* Glou-
Wife to Simpcox. [ceſter.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very diſperſedly in ſeveral Parts of *England.*

The

The SECOND PART of (1)

King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, the *Palace.*

Flouriſh of trumpets: then, hautboys. Enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and* Beauford *on the one ſide: The Queen,* Suffolk, York, Somerſet, *and* Buckingham *on the other.*

SUFFOLK.

AS by your high imperial Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart for *France,*
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princeſs *Marg'ret* for your grace;

So

(1) *The ſecond part of K.* Henry VI.] This and the third part of K. *Henry* VI. contain that troubleſome period of this Prince's reign, which took in the whole *contention* betwixt the two houſes of *York* and *Lancaſter:* And under that title were theſe two plays firſt acted and publiſh'd. The preſent ſcene opens with K. *Henry*'s marriage, which was in the 23d year of his reign; and cloſes with the firſt battle fought at St. *Albans,* and won by the *York* faction, in the 33d year of his reign. So that it comprizes the hiſtory and tranſactions of ten years. There are beſides, as I have above hinted, ſome intermediate *incidents* crouded in; which tranſgreſs upon the order of

So in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The Dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanson*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England* and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen
[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*
To your most gracious hand; that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever Marquis gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. *Henry*. *Suffolk*, arise. Welcome, Queen *Margaret*;
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul;
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. *Mar*. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liefest Sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. *Henry*. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wond'ring fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen *Marg'ret*, *England*'s happiness!

Q. *Mar*. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

time. For *Eleanor* Dutchess of *Gloucester*'s conviction and banishment for sorcery, (which are here introduc'd) happen'd in the 2d year of K. *Henry* VI. in the 3d year before his marriage with Queen *Margaret*.

Suff. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our Sovereign and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen months concluded by conſent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the* French *King*, Charles, *and* William de-la Pole *Marquiſs of* Suffolk, *Ambaſſador for* Henry *King of* England, *that the ſaid* Henry *ſhall eſpouſe the Lady* Margaret, *daughter unto* Reignier *King of* Naples, Sicilia, *and* Jeruſalem, *and crown her Queen of* England, *ere the thirtieth of* May *next enſuing.* (2)

Item. *That the dutchy of* Anjou, *and the county of* Maine, *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her Father.* [*Lets fall the paper.*

K. *Henry.* Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious Lord;
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. *Henry.* Uncle of *Wincheſter*, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the dutchies of* Anjou *and* Maine *ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the King her father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of* England's *own proper coſt and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. *Henry.* They pleaſe us well. Lord Marquiſs, kneel you down;
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And gird thee with the ſword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being regent
I' th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Wincheſter*,
Glo'ſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Saliſbury and *Warwick*;
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide

(2) *Ere the* thirteenth *of* May *next enſuing.*] This is an error only of our modern impreſſions. I have ſet the text right from the joint authorities of the firſt old *quarto*, the firſt and ſecond *folio*'s, and the chronicles both of *Hall* and *Holingſhead*.

To ſee her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* Suffolk.

Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke *Humphry* muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you yourſelves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, and *Saliſbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in *France* and *Normandy*?
Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, and myſelf, (3)
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe,
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in *Paris*, in deſpight of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s conqueſt, *Bedford*'s vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel die!
O Peers of *England*, ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This peroration with ſuch circumſtances?
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it ſtill.

(3) *Or hath mine uncle* Bedford---] Here again the indolence of our modern editors is very ſignal; for within ſix lines *Glouceſter* is made to call *Bedford* both his *brother* and *uncle*. I have the warrant of the older books for reſtoring the true reading here.

Glo.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
But now it is impoſſible we ſhould.
Suffolk the new made Duke that rules the roaſt,
Hath giv'n the duchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſs of his purſe.
Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
Theſe counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant ſon?
War. For grief that they are paſt recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myſelf did win them both:
Thoſe provinces theſe arms of mine did conquer.
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Delivered up again with peaceful words?
York. For *Suffolk*'s Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike iſle!
France ſhould have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read, but *England*'s Kings have had
Large ſums of gold, and dowries with their wives:
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Glo. A proper jeſt, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* ſhould demand a whole fifteenth,
For coſt and charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould have ſtaid in *France*, and ſtarv'd in *France*,
Before——
Car. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.
Glo. My Lord of *Winchęſter*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike,
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud Prelate; in thy face,
I ſee thy fury: if I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewel; and ſay, when I am gone,
I propheſy'd, *France* will be loſt ere long. [*Exit.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Conſider, Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *Engliſh* crown.
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it.
Look to it, Lords, let not his ſoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry, the good Duke of* Glo'ſter,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jeſu *maintain your royal excellence!*
With, *God preſerve the good Duke* Humphry!
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloſs,
He well be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why ſhould he then protect our Sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himſelf?
Couſin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,
And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoiſt Duke *Humphry* from his ſeat.

Car. This weighty buſineſs will not brook delay.
I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* preſently. [*Exit.*

Som. Couſin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry*'s pride
And greatneſs of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
His inſolence is more intolerable
Than all the Princes in the land beſide:
If *Glo'ſter* be diſpleas'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or *Somerſet*, or I, will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.
[*Exe.* Buckingham *and* Somerſet.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never ſaw, but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ſter*
Did bear him like a noble Gentleman:
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal
More like a ſoldier, than a man o'th' church;

As

As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil diſcipline;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert regent for our Sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the publick good,
In what we can to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet*'s and *Buckingham*'s ambition;
And, as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humphry*'s deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And ſo ſays *York*, for he hath greateſt cauſe.
[*Aſide*.

Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? Oh father, *Maine* is loſt;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:
Main-chance, father, you meant; but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.
[*Exe*. Warwick *and* Salisbury.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*;
Paris is loſt; the ſtate of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well-pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,

And

And purchaſe friends, and give to curtezans,
Still revelling, like Lords, till all be gone:
While as the ſilly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapleſs hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloof,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to ſtarve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and ſold.
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.
Anjou and *Maine*, both giv'n unto the *French!*
Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
Ev'n as I have of fertile *England*'s ſoil.
A day will come, when *York* ſhall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts.
And make a ſhew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*:
And when I ſpy advantage, claim the crown;
For that's the golden mark I ſeek to hit.
Nor ſhall proud *Lancaſter* uſurp my right,
Nor hold the ſcepter in his childiſh fiſt,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whoſe church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, *York*, be ſtill a while, till time do ſerve;
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleep,
To pry into the ſecrets of the ſtate;
Till *Henry*, ſurfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and *England*'s dear-bought Queen,
And *Humphry* with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raiſe aloft the milk-white roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the air ſhall be perfum'd;
And in my ſtandard bear the arms of *York*,
To grapple with the houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whoſe bookiſh rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.

[*Exit* York.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s Houſe.

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his wife* Eleanor.

Elean. WHY droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd corn
Hanging the head with *Ceres*' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing at that which ſeems to dim thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henry*'s diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honour's of the world?
If ſo, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What! is't too ſhort? I'll lengthen it with mine.
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt love thy Lord,
Baniſh the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me ſad.

Elean. What dream'd my Lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With ſweet rehearſal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this ſtaff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerſet*,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a ſtick of *Glo'ſter*'s grove,
Shall loſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me, my *Humphry*, my ſweet Duke:

Methought

Methought, I ſat in ſeat of majeſty,
In the cathedral church of *Weſtminſter*,
And in that chair where Kings and Queens were crown
Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor*,
Art thou not ſecond woman in the realm,
And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Above the reach or compaſs of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy huſband, and thyſelf,
From top of honour to diſgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my Lord! are you ſo choler
With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myſelf,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highneſs' pleaſu
You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Exit* Glouceſt

Elean. Yes, my good Lord, I'll follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While *Glo'ſter* bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks;
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, m
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jeſus preſerve your royal majeſty!

Ele

Elean. What ſay'ſt thou? majeſty? I am but grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume*'s advice,
Your grace's title ſhall be multiply'd.
Elean. What ſay'ſt thou, man? haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch:
And *Roger Bolingbroke* the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promis'd, to ſhew your highneſs
A ſpirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That ſhall make anſwer to ſuch queſtions,
As by your grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the queſtions,
When from St. *Albans* we do make return,
We'll ſee thoſe things effected to the full.
Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cauſe.
[*Exit* Eleanor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Dutcheſs' gold:
Marry, and ſhall; but how now, Sir *John Hume?*
Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum!*
The buſineſs asketh ſilent ſecrecy.
Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay from the rich Cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it ſo: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Eleanor*'s aſpiring humour)
Have hired me to undermine the Dutcheſs;
And buz theſe conjurations in her brain.
They ſay, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's, broker.
Hume if you take not heed, you ſhall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, ſo it ſtands; and thus I fear at laſt,
Hume's knavery will be the Dutcheſs' wrack,
And her attainture will be *Humphry*'s fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter *the armourer's man being one.*

1 *Pet.* MY maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter Suffolk, *and Queen.*

1 *Pet.* Here a'comes, methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'ſt any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me; I took ye for my Lord Protector.

Q. *Mar. To my Lord Protector?* [*reading*] Are your ſupplications to his Lordſhip? let me ſee them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's ſome wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Againſt the Duke of* Suffolk, *for incloſing the commons of* Long Melford. How now, Sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Townſhip.

Suf. reads.] *Againſt my maſter*, Thomas Horner, *for ſaying, that the Duke of* York *was rightful heir to the crown.*

Q. *Mar.* What! did the Duke of *York* ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my miſtreſs was? no, forſooth; my maſter ſaid, that he was; and that the King was an uſurper.

Suf.

Suf. Who is there?—Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant, preſently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit* Peter *guarded*.

Q. *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the ſupplications.*

Away, baſe cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*

Q. *Mar.* My Lord of *Suffolk*, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the faſhion in the court of *England*?
Is this the government of *Britain*'s iſle?
And this the royalty of *Albion*'s King?
What! ſhall King *Henry* be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly *Glo'ſter*'s governance?
Am I a Queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a Duke?
I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honour of my love,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of *France*;
I thought, King *Henry* had reſembled thee
In courage, courtſhip, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,
To number *Ave Maries* on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apoſtles;
His weapons holy ſaws of ſacred writ;
His ſtudy is his tilt-yard; and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.
I would, the college of the Cardinals
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And ſet the triple crown upon his head;
That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cauſe
Your highneſs came to *England*, ſo will I
In *England* work your grace's full content.

Q. *Mar.* Beſide the proud Protector, have we *Beaufort*
Th' imperious churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*; and not the leaſt of thoſe

But

But can do more in *England*, than the King.
Suf. And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,
Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevils*;
Saliſb'ry and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peers.
Q. *Mar.* Not all theſe Lords do vex me half ſo much,
As that proud dame, the Lord Protector's wife:
She ſweeps it through the court with troops of Ladies,
More like an Empreſs than Duke *Humphry*'s wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the Queen;
She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous, baſe-born, callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worſt wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands;
Till *Suffolk* gave two dukedoms for his daughter!
Suf. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her,
And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to their lays;
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her reſt; and, Madam, liſt to me;
For I am bold to counſel you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
Yet muſt we join with him and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in diſgrace.
As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at laſt;
And you yourſelf ſhall ſteer the happy realm.

To them enter King Henry, *Duke* Humphry, *Cardinal*, Buckingham, York, Saliſbury, Warwick, *and the Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *York*, all's one to me.
York. If *York* have ill demean'd himſelf in *France*,
Then let him be deny'd the regentſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be unworthy of the place,

Let

be regent, I will yield to him.
Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no;
not that; *York* is the worthier.
Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters ſpeak.
The Cardinal's not my better in the field.
All in this preſence are thy betters, *Warwick*.
Warwick may live to be the beſt of all.
'eace, Son; and ſhew ſome reaſon, *Buckingham*,
nerſet ſhould be preferr'd in this.
ir. Becauſe the King, forſooth, will have it ſo.
Madam, the King is old enough himſelf
his cenſure: theſe are no woman's matters.
ir. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
rotector of his Excellence?
Madam, I am Protector of the realm;
his pleaſure, will reſign my place.
Reſign it then, and leave thine inſolence.
ou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)
mmonwealth hath daily run to wrack.
uphin hath prevail'd beyond the ſeas,
the Peers, and nobles of the realm,
en as bond-men to thy ſov'reignty.
The commons haſt thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
: and lean with thy extortions.
Thy ſumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
ſt a maſs of publick treaſury.
Thy cruelty in execution
Fenders hath exceeded law;
thee to the mercy of the law.
ir. Thy ſale of offices and towns in *France*,
were known, as the ſuſpect is great,
nake thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* Glo.
: my fan; what, minion? can ye not?
[*She gives the Dutcheſs a box on the ear.*
u mercy, Madam; was it you?
Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
come near your beauty with my nails,
ıy ten commandments in your face.
ıry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas againſt her will.

Elean.

Elean. Againſt her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place moſt maſter wears no breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.

[*Exit* Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
And liſten after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no ſpurs;
She'll gallop faſt enough to her deſtruction.

[*Exit* Buckingham.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, Lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your ſpightful falſe objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law.
But God in mercy deal ſo with my ſoul,
As I in duty love my King and country!
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I ſay, my Sovereign, *York* is meeteſt man
To be your regent in the realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To ſhew ſome reaſon of no little force,
That *York* is moſt unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My Lord of *Somerſet* will keep me here
Without diſcharge, money or furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Laſt time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was beſieg'd, famiſh'd and loſt.

War. That I can witneſs, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-ſtrong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Horner *the Armourer, and his Man* Peter, *guarded*.

Suf. Becauſe here is a man accus'd of treaſon:
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuſe himſelf!

York.

York. Doth any one accuſe *York* for a traitor?

K. *Henry.* What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolk*? tell me, what are theſe?

Suf. Pleaſe it your Majeſty, this is the man,
That doth accuſe his maſter of high treaſon:
His words were theſe; "that *Richard* Duke of *York*
"Was rightful heir unto the *Engliſh* crown;
"And that your Majeſty was an uſurper.

K. *Henry.* Say, man; were theſe thy words?

Arm. An't ſhall pleaſe your Majeſty, I never ſaid nor thought any ſuch matter; God is my witneſs, I am falſly accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By theſe ten bones, my Lord, he did ſpeak them to me in the garret one night, as we were ſcow'ring my Lord of *York*'s armour.

York. Baſe dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's ſpeech:
I do beſeech your royal Majeſty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Arm. Alas, my Lord, hang me, if ever I ſpake the words. My accuſer is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witneſs of this; therefore I beſeech your Majeſty, do not caſt away an honeſt man for a villain's accuſation.

K. *Henry.* Uncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Somerſet* be regent o'er the *French*,
Becauſe in *York* this breeds ſuſpicion.
And let theſe have a day appointed them
For ſingle combat in convenient place;
For he hath witneſs of his ſervant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

K. *Henry.* Then be it ſo: My Lord of *Somerſet*, (4)

(4) *K. Henry. Then be it ſo,* &c.] Theſe two lines I have inſerted from the old *quarto*; and, as I think, very neceſſarily. For, without them, the King has not declar'd his aſſent to *Glouceſter*'s opinion: and the Duke of *Somerſet* is made to thank him for the *regency*, before the King has deputed him to it.

We

We make your Grace regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case; the spight of man prevaileth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. *Henry.* Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, *Somerset*, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish.* *Exeunt*.

SCENE, the Witch's Cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, *and* Bolingbroke.

Hume. COme, my masters; the Dutchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit; but it shall be convenient, master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so I pray you go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* Hume.] Mother *Jordan*, be prostrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, *above*.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all to this geer, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good Lady; wizards know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was set on fire,
The time, when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[Here

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle*; Bolingbroke *or* Southwel *reads*, Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly*; *then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. *Adſum.*

M. *Jord.* *Aſmath*, by the eternal God, whoſe name
And power thou trembleſt at, tell what I aſk;
For till thou ſpeak, thou ſhalt not paſs from hence.

Spirit. Aſk what thou wilt.--That I had ſaid, and done!

Boling. Firſt, of the King: what ſhall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit ſpeaks, they write the anſwer.*

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By water ſhall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What ſhall befal the Duke of *Somerſet*?

Spirit. Let him ſhun caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be on the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Deſcend to darkneſs, and the burning lake:
Falſe fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* *Spirit deſcends.*

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon theſe traitors, and their traſh:
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.

Elean. Not half ſo bad as thine to *England*'s King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'ſt where is no cauſe.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them be clap'd up cloſe,
And kept apart. You, Madam, ſhall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.
We'll ſee your trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guards with* Jordan, Southwel, &c.

York. Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well;

A pretty plot, well choſe to build upon.
Now, pray, my Lord, let's ſee the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry *ſhall depoſe;*
But him out-live, and die a violent death.
Why, this is juſt, *Aio te Æacida Romanos vincere poſſe.*
Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk?*
By water ſhall he die, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of *Somerſet?*
Let him ſhun caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my Lords;
Theſe oracles are hardily attain'd, (5)
And hardly underſtood.
The King is now in progreſs tow'rds St. *Albans*;
With him, the huſband of this lovely Lady:
Thither go theſe news, as faſt as horſe can carry them:
A ſorry breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace ſhall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the poſt, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, ho?

(5) *Theſe oracles are* hardly *attain'd,*
And hardly underſtood.] Not only the lameneſs of the verſification, but the imperfection of the ſenſe too, made me ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt. The meaning is very poor, as it ſtands in all the printed copies; but I have formerly, by the addition of a ſingle letter, both help'd the verſe and the ſentiment. *York*, ſeizing the parties and their papers, ſays, he'll ſee the devil's *writ*; and finding the wizard's anſwers intricate and ambiguous, he makes this general comment upon ſuch ſort of intelligence, as I have reſtor'd the text:

Theſe oracles are hardily *attain'd,*
And hardly underſtood.

i. e. A great riſque and hazard is run to obtain them, (*viz.* going to the devil for them, as 'twas pretended and ſuppos'd:) and likewiſe the incurring ſevere penalties by the ſtatute law againſt ſuch practices; and yet after theſe *hardy* ſteps taken, the informations are ſo perplex'd that they are *hardly* to be underſtood.

Enter

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
To ſup with me to morrow-night. Away! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, at St. *Albans.*

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and* Suffolk, *with Faulkners hallowing.*

Q. MARGARET.

BElieve me, Lords, for flying at the brook,
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.
K. *Henry.* But what a point, my Lord, your faulcon made,
And what a pitch ſhe flew above the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majeſty,
My Lord Protector's hawks do tower ſo well;
They know, their maſter loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his faulcon's pitch.
Glo. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can ſoar.
Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my Lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?
K. *Henry.* The treaſury of everlaſting joy!
Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treaſure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and common-weal!
Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your prieſthood grown ſo peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cæleſtibus iræ?*

Churchmen ſo hot? good uncle, hide ſuch malice.
With ſuch holineſs can you do it?
Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and ſo bad a Peer.
Glo. As who, my Lo d?
Suf. Why, as yourſelf, my Lord;
An't like your lordly, Lord protectorſhip.
Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine inſolence.
Q. *Mar.* And thy ambition, *Glo'ſter.*
K. *Henry.* I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on theſe too-too furious Peers,
For bleſſed are the peace-makers on earth.
Car. Let me be bleſſed for the peace I make,
Againſt this proud Protector, with my ſword!
Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to
Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt. [that.
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe. } [*Aſide.*
Car. Ay, where thou dar'ſt not peep: and, if thou dar'ſt,
This ev'ning on the eaſt ſide of the grove.
K. *Henry.* How now, my Lords?
Car. Believe me, couſin *Glo'ſter*,
Had not your man put up the fowl ſo ſuddenly,
We'd had more ſport--Come with thy two-hand ſword. (6)
[*Aſide to* Glo.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—The eaſt ſide of the grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aſide.*
K. *Henry.* Why how now, uncle *Glo'ſter?*

(6) —— *Come with thy two hand ſword.*
Glo. *True, uncle, are ye advis'd? The eaſt ſide of the grove.*
Cardinal, I am with you] Thus is this whole ſpeech plac'd to *Gloucester*, in all the editions: but ſurely, with great inadvertence. It is the *Cardinal*, who firſt appoints the eaſt ſide of the grove for the place of *duel*; and how finely does it expreſs the rancour and impetuoſity of the *Cardinal*, for fear *Glouceſter* ſhould miſtake, to repeat the appointment, and aſk his antagoniſt if he takes him right! So I have ventur'd to regulate the ſpeeches; as it improves a beauty, and avoids an abſurdity.

Glo.

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord.—
Now, by God's mother, prieſt, I'll ſhave your crown for this,
Or all my fence ſhall fail. [*Aſide.*
Car. [*Aſide.*] *Medice teipſum.*
Protector, ſee to't well, protect yourſelf. [Lords.
K. *Henry.* The winds grow high, ſo do your ſtomachs,
How irkſome is this muſick to my heart?
When ſuch ſtrings jar, what hopes of harmony?
I pray, my Lords, let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noiſe?
Fellow, what miracle doſt thou proclaim?
One. A miracle, a miracle!
Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forſooth, a blind man at St. *Alban's* ſhrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his ſight;
A man, that ne'er ſaw in his life before.
K. *Henry.* Now God be prais'd, that to believing ſouls
Gives light in darkneſs, comfort in deſpair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, *and his brethren, bearing* Simpcox *between two in a chair,* Simpcox's *wife following.*

Car. Here come the townſmen on proceſſion,
Before your Highneſs to preſent the man.
K. *Henry.* Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his ſight his ſin be multiply'd.
Glo. Stand by, my maſters, bring him near the King.
His Highneſs' pleaſure is to talk with him.
K. *Henry.* Good fellow, tell us here the circumſtance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.
What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?
Simp. Born blind, and't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, and't like your worſhip.
Glo. Had'ſt thou been his mother, thou couldſt have better told.

K. *Henry*. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, and't like your Grace.

K. *Henry*. Poor ſoul, God's goodneſs hath been great to thee:
Let never day or night unhallowed paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'ſt thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy ſhrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my ſleep,
By good Saint *Alban*; who ſaid, "*Simpcox*, come; (7)
"Come offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth; and many a time and oft
Myſelf have heard a voice to call him ſo.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plumb-tree, maſter.

Glo. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simp. O, born ſo, maſter.

Glo. What, and would'ſt climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Maſs, thou lov'dſt plums well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife deſir'd ſome damſons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A ſubtle knave! but yet it ſhall not ſerve:

(7) —— *who ſaid*, Simon, *come*;
Come offer at my ſhrine, and I will help thee.] The editions here are all at odds with the hiſtory.---For why, *Simon?* The *chronicles*, that take notice of *Gloſter*'s detecting this pretended miracle, tell us, that the impoſtor, who aſſerted himſelf to be cur'd of blindneſs, was call'd *Saunder Simpcox*.---*Simon* was therefore a corruption thro' the negligence of the copyiſts, and continued by the indolence of the editors. Nor have we need of going back to *chronicles* to ſettle this point, ſince our poet, in the courſe of this very ſcene, gives us the fellow's names correſpondent with the hiſtory. I corrected this blunder in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has vouchſaf'd to reform it *from thence in his laſt impreſſion.*

Let's

Let's ſee thine eyes; wink now, now open them;
In my opinion, yet, thou ſeeſt not well.
Simp. Yes, maſter, clear as day; I thank God and Saint *Alban*.
Glo. Say'ſt thou me ſo? what colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, maſter, red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well ſaid: what colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forſooth, coal-black, as jet.
K. *Henry.* Why then thou know'ſt what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never ſee.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, maſter, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, maſter.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it pleaſe you, maſter.
Glo. *Saunder*, ſit there, the lying'ſt knave in chriſtendom. If thou hadſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well know all our names, as thus
To name the ſeveral colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:
Would ye not think that cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this cripple to his legs?
Simp. O maſter, that you could!
Glo. My maſters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips?
Mayor. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.
Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither ſtraight.
[*Exit Meſſenger.*
Glo. Now fetch me a ſtool hither. Now, Sirrah, if you

you mean to ſave yourſelf from whipping, leap me over this ſtool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone: you go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we muſt have you find your legs. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that ſame ſtool.

Bead. I will, my Lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the ſtool and runs away; and they follow and cry,* A miracle!

K. *Henry.* O God, ſeeſt thou this, and bear'ſt ſo long!

Queen. It made me laugh to ſee the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town, till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle, with the Woman.*

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my Lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. *Henry.* What tidings with our couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your ſtate;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raiſing up wicked ſpirits from under ground;
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

And

And other of your Highneſs' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.
Car. And ſo, my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aſide to* Glo'ſter.
Glo. Ambitious church-man! leave t'afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſh'd all my powers;
And vanquiſh'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt groom.
K. *Henry.* O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby!
Queen. Glo'ſter, ſee here the tainture of thy neſt,
And look, thyſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.
Glo. Madam, for myſelf, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it ſtands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble ſhe is; but if ſhe have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with ſuch
As, like to pitch, defile nobility;
I baniſh her my bed and company:
And give her as a prey to law and ſhame,
That hath diſhonour'd *Glo'ſter*'s honeſt name.
K. *Henry.* Well, for this night we will repoſe us here;
To-morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this buſineſs thoroughly,
And call theſe foul offenders to their anſwers;
And poiſe the cauſe in juſtice' equal ſcales,
Whoſe beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe prevails.
[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Duke of *York*'s Palace.

Enter York, Saliſbury, *and* Warwick.

York. NOW, my good Lords of *Saliſbury* and *Warwick*,
Our ſimple ſupper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe walk to ſatisfy myſelf;
In craving your opinion of my title,

Which is is infallible, to *England*'s crown.
Salis. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full,
War. Sweet *York*, begin; and if thy claim be goo
The *Nevils* are thy ſubjects to command.
York. Then thus;
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeven ſons:
The firſt, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaſter*;
The fifth was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The ſixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*
William of *Windſor* was the ſeventh and laſt.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only ſon,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King
Till *Henry Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt ſon and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful King;
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence ſhe cam
And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King *Richard* trait'rouſly was murder'd.
War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the houſe of *Lancaſter* the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by righ
For *Richard* the firſt ſon's heir being dead,
The iſſue of the next ſon ſhould have reign'd.
Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.
York. The third ſon, Duke of *Clarence*, from whoſe li
I claim the crown, had iſſue *Philip*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had iſſue, *Roger* Earl of *March*:
Roger had iſſue, *Edmund*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.
Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
But, to the reſt——
York. His eldeſt ſiſter, *Anne*,

My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was the ſon to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's fifth ſon. ——
By her I claim the kingdom; ſhe was heir
To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the ſon
Of *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,
Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*,
So, if the iſſue of the elder ſon
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from *John* of *Gaunt*,
The fourth ſon; *York* here claims it from the third.
Till *Lionel*'s iſſue fail, his ſhould not reign:
It fails not yet, but flouriſheth in thee
And in thy ſons, fair ſlips of ſuch a ſtock.
Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign *Richard*, *England*'s King!

York. We thank you, Lords: but I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my ſword be ſtain'd
With heart-blood of the houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you, as I do, in theſe dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s inſolence.
At *Beauford*'s pride, at *Somerſet*'s ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;
Till they have ſnar'd the ſhepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis that they ſeek; and they in ſeeking that
Shall ſeek their deaths, if *York* can prophecy.

Sal. My Lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart aſſures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevil*, this I do aſſure myſelf:
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The *greateſt man in England*, but the King. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to a Houſe near to *Smithfield.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry *and Nobles; the Ducheſs, Mother* Jordan, Southwell, Hume, *and* Bolingbroke, *under guard.*

K. *H.* STand forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham, Glo'ſter*'s wife!
In ſight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the ſentence of the law for ſins,
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to priſon, back again;
From thence unto the place of execution;
The witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burn'd to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the gallows.
You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in baniſhment,
With Sir *John Stanley*, in the *Iſle of Man.*

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou ſeeſt, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*
I cannot juſtify, whom law condemns.

[*Exeunt* Eleanor, *and the others, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart with grief
Ah, *Humphry!* this diſhonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your majeſty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would ſolace, and my age would eaſe.

K. *Henry.* Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*; ere thou go,
Give up thy ſtaff; *Henry* will to himſelf
Protector be, and God ſhall be my hope,
My ſtay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
And go in peace, *Humphry*, no leſs belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy King.

Q. *Mar.* I ſee no reaſon, why a King of years
Should be to be protected like a child:
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s realm:
Give up your ſtaff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My ſtaff? here, noble *Henry*, is my ſtaff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone.
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit* Glo'ſter.

Q. *Mar.* Why now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His Lady baniſh'd, and a limb lopt off:
This ſtaff of honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in *Henry*'s hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his ſprays;
Thus *Eleanor*'s pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the combat.
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the fight.

Q. *Mar.* Ay, good my Lord; for purpoſely therefore
Left I the court, to ſee this quarrel try'd.

K. *Henry.* A' God's name ſee the liſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God guard the right.

York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The ſervant of the armourer, my Lords.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him ſo much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his ſtaff with a ſand-bag faſtned to it (8); *and at the other door his man, with a drum and a ſand bag, and prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of ſack; and fear not, neighbour, you ſhall do well enough.

(8) *With a* ſand-bag *faſten'd to it.*] As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and ſword; ſo thoſe of inferior rank fought with an *Ebon* ſtaff or batoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cram'd hard with ſand. To this Cuſtom *Hudibras* has alluded in theſe humorous lines:

Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with *ſand-bags* did of old. Mr. *Warburton.*

2 *Neigh.*

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy maſter; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my laſt draught in this world. Here, *Robin:* if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou ſhalt have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. O Lord, bleſs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my maſter, he hath learn'd ſo much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forſooth.

Sal. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump? Then ſee thou thump thy maſter well.

Arm. Maſters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's inſtigation, to prove him a knave and myſelf an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Diſpatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and* Peter *ſtrikes him down.*

Arm Hold, *Peter*, hold; I confeſs, I confeſs treaſon.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy maſter's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this O *Peter*, thou haſt prevail'd in right. [preſence?

K. *Henry.* Go, take hence that traitor from our ſight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.
And God in juſtice hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Street.

Enter Duke Humphry, *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. THUS sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And, after summer, evermore succeeds
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:
Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame;
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.
But soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, *a Sheriff and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, *Gloster*, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban our enemies both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget myself:
For whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this land;
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,

Mail'd

Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back:
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh;
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.
Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful yoak?
Trow'ſt thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy, that enjoy the ſun?
No: dark ſhall be my light, and night my day.
To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.
Sometime I'll ſay, I am Duke *Humphry*'s wife,
And he a Prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
That he ſtood by, whilſt I, his forlorn Dutcheſs,
Was made a wonder and a pointing ſtock
To every idle, raſcal follower.
But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtir at nothing, till the ax of death
Hang over thee, as, ſure, it ſhortly will,
For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)
And *York*, and impious *Beaufort*, that falſe prieſt,
Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings;
And fly thou, how thou canſt, they'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor never ſeek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimeſt all awry.
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And, had I twenty times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeleſs.
Wouldſt have me reſcue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy ſcandal were not wip'd away;
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greateſt help is quiet, gentle *Nell*;
I pray thee, ſort thy heart to patience;
Theſe few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your grace to his majeſty's parliament holden at *Bury*, the firſt of this next month.

Glo. And my conſent ne'er ask'd herein before? This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there;

[*Exit Herald.*

My *Nell*, I take my leave: and maſter Sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the King's commiſſion.

Sher. And't pleaſe your grace, here my commiſſion ſtays: And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now, To take her with him to the *Iſle of Man.*

Glo. Muſt you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't pleaſe your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray You uſe her well; the world may laugh again; And I may live to do you kindneſs, if You do it her: and ſo, Sir *John*, farewel.

Elean. What gone, my Lord, and bid me not farewel?

Glo. Witneſs my tears, I cannot ſtay to ſpeak.

[*Exit* Glouceſter.

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee! For none abides with me; my joy is death; Death, at whoſe name I oft have been afraid, Becauſe I wiſh'd this world's eternity. *Stanley*, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence, I care not whither, for I beg no favour; Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Iſle of Man*; There to be us'd according to your ſtate.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach: And ſhall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutcheſs, and Duke *Humphry*'s Lady, According to that ſtate you ſhall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewel, and better than I fare; Although thou haſt been conduct of my ſhame.

Sher. It is my office; Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewel; thy office is diſcharg'd. Come, *Stanley*, ſhall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this ſheet, And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my ſheet:

No

No, it will hang upon my richeſt robes,
And ſhew itſelf, attire me how I can,
Go, lead the way, I long to ſee my priſon. *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, at *Bury*.

Enter King Henry, *Queen, Cardinal,* Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury *and* Warwick, *to the Parliament.*

K. HENRY.

I Muſe, my Lord of *Glo'ſter* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
Whate'er occaſion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not ſee? or will you not obſerve
The ſtrangeneſs of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majeſty he bears himſelf,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himſelf!
We know the time, ſince he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee;
That all the court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and ſhews an angry eye;
And paſſeth by with ſtiff unbowed knee,
Diſdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And *Humphry* is no little man in *England.*
Firſt note, that he is near you in deſcent;
And, ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no policy,
(Reſpecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your deceaſe)
That he ſhould come about your royal perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſs' council.

By

By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts:
And when he'll please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden;
And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care, I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your Grace's tale.
The Dutchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the beldam brain-sick Dutchess
By wicked means to frame our Sov'reign's fall.
Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my Sovereign; *Gla'ster* is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults, to faults unknown;
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. *Henry.* My Lords, at once; the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?

From

Our kinſman *Glo'ſter* is as innocent
From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
As is the ſucking lamb or harmleſs dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall. [affiance?
Q. *Mar.* Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's diſpoſed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his ſkin is, ſurely, lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudful man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign!
K. *Henry.* Welcome, Lord *Somerſet*; what news from
Som. That all your int'reſt in thoſe territories [*France*?
Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt. [be done!
K. *Henry.* Cold news, Lord *Somerſet*; but God's will
York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope of fertile *England*.
Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or ſell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aſide.*

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. All happineſs unto my Lord the King!
Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.
Suf. Nay, *Glo'ſter*, know, that thou art come too ſoon,
Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.
Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my countenance for this arreſt:
A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud,
As I am clear from treaſon to my Sovereign.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty? [*France*;
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of
And, being Protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers pay;

By

By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.
Glo. Is it but thought ſo? what are they, that think it?
I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
So help me God! as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for *England*.
That doit that e'er I wreſted from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe,
Be brought againſt me at my tryal day.
No; many a pound of my own proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I diſ-purſed to the garriſons,
And never aſk'd for reſtitution.
Car. It ſerves you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.
Glo. I ſay no more than truth, ſo help me God;
York. In your Protectorſhip you did deviſe
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.
Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was Protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ranſom for their fault:
Unleſs it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor paſſengers,
I never gave them condign puniſhment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody ſin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what treſpaſs elſe.
Suf. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſy, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge yourſelf.
I do arreſt you in his Highneſs' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of tryal.
K. *Henry*. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, 'tis my ſpecial hope,
That you will clear yourſelf from all ſuſpicion;
My conſcience tells me, you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, theſe days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancor's hand;
Foul ſubornation *is* predominant,

And

And equity exil'd your Highneſs' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this iſland happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingneſs.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beauford's red ſparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy brow his ſtormed hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburdens with his tongue
The envious load, that lies upon his heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whoſe over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By falſe accuſe doth level at my life.
And you, my ſovereign Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſs have laid diſgraces on my head;
And with your beſt endeavour have ſtirr'd up
My lieſeſt Liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(Myſelf had notice of your conventicles)
And all to make away my guiltleſs life.
I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,
Nor ſtore of treaſons to augment my guilt:
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon
From treaſon's ſecret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign Lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear
Falſe allegations, to o'erthrow his ſtate.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loſer leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer ſpoke, than meant; I loſe, indeed;
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe;
And well ſuch loſers may have leave to ſpeak.

Buck.

Buck. He'll wreſt the ſenſe, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your priſoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the ſhepherd beaten from thy ſide;
And wolves are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah, that my fear were falſe! ah, that it were!
For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit, guarded.*

K. *Henry.* My Lords, what to your wiſdom ſeemeth beſt,
Do or undo, as if ourſelf were here.

Q. *Mar.* What, will your Highneſs leave the parliament?

K. *Henry.* Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whoſe flood begins to flow within my eyes;
My body round engirt with miſery:
For what's more miſerable than diſcontent?
Ah, uncle *Humphry!* in thy face I ſee
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty:
And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith;
What low'ring ſtar now envies thy eſtate,
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do ſeek ſubverſion of thy harmleſs life,
That never didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong.
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrives, (9)
Bearing it to the bloody ſlaughter-houſe:

(9) *And as the butcher takes away the calf,*
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it ſtrays,] But how can it *ſtray*, when it is *bound?* The poet certainly intended, when it *ſtrives*; i. e. when it ſtruggles to get looſe. And ſo he elſewhere employs this word. *Love's Labour loſt.*

Thus doſt thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar,
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play.
But if thou *ſtrive*, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

So in *Othello*, where he is ſtrangling his wife;

Deſd. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you *ſtrive*; —— Dr. *Thirlby.*

Even ſo, remorſeleſs, have they borne him hence,
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmleſs young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loſs:
Even ſo myſelf bewail good *Glo'ſter*'s caſe
With ſad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say, who's a traitor? *Glo'ſter* he is none. [*Exi*

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold ſnow melts with the ſun hot beams.
Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of fooliſh pity: *Glo'ſter*'s ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers:
Or as the ſnake, roll'd in a flowry bank,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough, doth ſting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, Lords, were none more wiſe than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This *Glo'ſter* ſhould be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he ſhould die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by courſe of law.

Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour ſtill to ſave his life,
The commons haply riſe to ſave his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than miſtruſt, that ſhews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him di

Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive ſo fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York*, that hath more reaſon for his deat
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and ſpeak it from your ſouls:
Were't not all one, an empty eagle were ſet
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken ſhould be ſure of deat

Su

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madneſs, then,
To make the fox ſurveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted over,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chaps be ſtain'd with crimſon blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by reaſons to my Liege;
And do not ſtand on quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by gins, by ſnares, by ſubtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Q. *Mar.* Thrice-noble *Suffolk*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suf. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done;
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerve my Sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his prieſt.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. *Mar.* And ſo ſay I.

York. And I; and now we three have ſpoke it,
It ſkils not greatly, who impugns our doom.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To ſignify that rebels there are up,
And put the *Engliſhmen* unto the ſword:
Send ſuccours, Lords, and ſtop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient ſtop!
What counſel give you in this weighty cauſe?

York.

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd:
Witneſs the fortune he hath had in *France* ——

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar, character'd on thy ſkin:
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay, then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, hadſt thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought? nay, then a ſhame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame!

Car. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome,
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen?*

York. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent;
And what we do eſtabliſh, he confirms;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this taſk in hand.

York. I am content: provide me ſoldiers, Lords,
Whilſt I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd;
But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry*.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more:
And ſo break off: the day is almoſt ſpent:
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Briſtol* I expect my ſoldiers;

For

For there I'll ſhip them all for *Ireland*.
Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my Lord of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution:
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. [thought,
Faſter than ſpring-time ſhow'rs, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more buſy than the lab'ring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To ſend me packing with an hoſt of men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved ſnake,
Who, cheriſh'd in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilſt I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black ſtorm,
Shall blow ten thouſand ſouls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious ſun's tranſparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd ſlaw.
And, for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a headſtrong *Kentiſh* man,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of Kerns;
And fought ſo long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being reſcu'd, I have ſeen
Him caper upright like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the enemy;
And undiſcover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the commons' mind;
How they affect the houſe and claim of *York*.
Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay I mov'd him to thoſe arms.
Say, that he thrive; as 'tis great like, he will;
Why, then, from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the harveſt which that raſcal ſow'd:
For *Humphry* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. RUN to my Lord of *Suffolk*; let him know,
We have diſpatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done?
Didſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my Lord.
Suf. Now, Sirs, have you diſpatch'd this thing?
1. Ay, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe;
I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. Yes, my good Lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Enter King Henry, *the Queen, Cardinal,* Somerset, *with Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Go, call our uncle to our preſence ſtrait:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.

Suf. I'll call him preſently, my noble Lord. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Lords, take your places: and, I pray you all,
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our uncle *Glo'ſter,*
Than from true evidence, of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. *Mar.* God forbid, any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of ſuſpicion!

K. *Henry.* I thank thee: well, theſe words content me much. (10)

(10) *I thank thee,* Nell, *theſe words content me much.*] This is K. *Henry*'s reply to his wife *Margaret.* Our poet, I remember, in his King *John,* makes *Falconbridge* the baſtard, upon his firſt ſtepping into honour, ſay, that he will ſtudy to forget his old acquaintance;

And if his name be *George,* I'll call him *Peter;*
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.

But, ſurely, this is wide of King *Henry*'s caſe; and it can be no reaſon why he ſhould forget his own wife's name, and call her *Nell* inſtead of *Margaret.* Perhaps, it may be alledg'd, that the blunder was original in the poet; that his head was full of another character, which he introduces in this play, *Eleanor* Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter,* whom her huſband frequently calls *Nell:* and thence thro' inadvertency he might ſlip into this miſtake. Were this to be allow'd the caſe, is not the miſtake therefore to be rectified. As the change of a ſingle letter ſets all right, I am much more willing to ſuppoſe it came from his pen thus;

I thank thee: Well; *theſe words content me much.*

K. *Henry* was a Prince of great piety and meekneſs, a great lover of his uncle *Glouceſter,* whom his nobles were rigidly perſecuting; and to whom he ſuſpected the Queen bore no very good will in her heart: But finding her, beyond his hopes, ſpeak ſo candidly in the Duke's caſe, he is mightily comforted and contented at her impartial ſeeming. I believe, every body in converſation muſt have obſerv'd, that, *well,* is uſed to expreſs an air of ſatisfaction, when any incident in life goes to our wiſh; of any purpoſe, that was dreaded, happens to be diſappointed.---I amended this paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE, *Vol.* I. and Mr. *Pope* has ſince embrac'd the correction.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk?*

Suf. Dead in his bed, my Lord; *Glo'ſter* is dead.

Q. *Mar.* Marry, God forfend!

Car. God's ſecret judgment: I did dream to-night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.

[King *ſwoons.*

Q. *Mar.* How fares my Lord? help, Lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the noſe.

Q. *Mar.* Run, go, help, help: oh, *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; Madam, be patient.

K. *Henry.* O heav'nly God!

Q. *Mar.* How fares my gracious Lord?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign; gracious *Henry*, comfort.

K. *Henry.* What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a raven's note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I ſay;
Their touch affrights me as a ſerpent's ſting.
Thou baleful meſſenger, out of my ſight!
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majeſty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.
Yet do not go away; come, baſiliſk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death I ſhall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ſter*'s dead.

Q. *Mar.* Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, moſt chriſtian-like, laments his death.
And for myſelf, for as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-conſuming ſighs recal his life;

I

I would be blind with weeping, ſick with groans,
Look pale as primroſe with blood-drinking ſighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.
What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends!
It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away;
So ſhall my name with ſlander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. *Henry*. Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ſter*, wretched man!

Q. *Mar*. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, doſt thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in *Glo'ſter*'s tomb?
Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his ſtatue, and do worſhip to it,
And make my image but an ale-houſe ſign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the ſea,
And twice by adverſe winds from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did ſeem to ſay, ſeek not a ſcorpion's neſt;
Nor ſet no footing on this unkind ſhore.
What did I then? but curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards *England*'s bleſſed ſhore,
Or turn our ſtern upon a dreadful rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murderer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting ſea refus'd to drown me:
Knowing, that thou wouldſt have me drown'd on ſhore
With tears as ſalt as ſea, through thy unkindneſs.
The ſplitting rocks cow'r'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides;
Becauſe thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace periſh *Margaret*.
As far as *I could ken the* chalky cliffs,

When from thy ſhore the tempeſt beat us back,
I ſtood upon the hatches in the ſtorm;
And when the duſky ſky began to rob
My earneſt-gaping ſight of thy land's view,
I took a coſtly jewel from my neck,
(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
And threw it tow'rds thy land; the ſea receiv'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my heart.
And ev'n with this I loſt fair *England*'s view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and duſky ſpectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albion*'s wiſhed coaſt.
How often have I tempted *Suffolk*'s tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconſtancy)
To ſit and witch me, as *Aſcanius* did, (11)
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not falſe like him?

(11) *To ſit and* watch *me, as* Aſcanius *did,*
When he to madding Dido *would unfold*
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?]
The poet here is unqueſtionably alluding to *Virgil*, (*Æneid*, I.) but he ſtrangely blends fact with fiction. In the firſt place, it was *Cupid*, in the ſemblance of *Aſcanius*, who ſat in *Dido*'s lap, and was fondled by her. But then it was not *Cupid*, who related to her the proceſs of *Troy*'s deſtruction, but it was *Æneas* himſelf, who related this hiſtory. Again, how did the ſuppos'd *Aſcanius* ſit and *watch* her? *Cupid* was order'd, while *Dido* miſtakenly careſs'd him, to bewitch and infect her with love. To this circumſtance the poet certainly alludes; and unleſs he had wrote, as I have reſtor'd to the text;

To ſit and witch *me,*——

Why ſhould the Queen immediately draw this inference,

Am I not witch'd *like her?*

Nor is this the only place, in which we find the verb *witch*, us'd (where the numbers require) for, *bewitch*.
So in *Henry* IV.

As if an angel drop'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*;
And *witch* the world with noble horſemanſhip.

So in 3 *Henry* VI.

I'll make my heaven in a Lady's lap;
And deck my body in gay ornaments;
And *witch* ſweet Ladies with my words and looks.

Ah me, I can no more; die, *Margaret!*
For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'ſt live ſo long.

Noiſe within. Enter Warwick, Saliſbury, *and many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
That good Duke *Humphry* traiterouſly is murder'd
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means:
The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, ſcatter up and down;
And care not who they ſting in their revenge.
Myſelf have calm'd their ſpleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death. [true;

K. *Henry.* That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too
But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his chamber, view his breathleſs corps,
And comment then upon his ſudden death.

War. That I ſhall do, my Liege: ſtay, *Saliſbury*,
With the rude multitude, till I return. [War. *goes in.*

K. *Henry.* O thou, that judgeſt all things, ſtay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to perſuade my ſoul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry*'s life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of ſalt tears:
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are theſe mean obſequies.
[*Bed with* Glo'ſter's *body put forth.*
And to ſurvey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my ſorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this body.

K. *Henry.* That is to ſee how deep my grave is made:
For with his ſoul fled all my worldly ſolace;
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoul intends to live

With that dread King, that took our ſtate upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curſe,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, ſworn with a ſolemn tongue!
What inſtance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is ſettled in his face.
Oft have I ſeen a timely-parted ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſs;
Being all deſcended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aidance 'gainſt the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To bluſh and beautify the cheek again.
But ſee, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;
Staring full-ghaſtly, like a ſtrangled man;
His hair up-rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretch'd with ſtruggling;
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for life, and was by ſtrength ſubdu'd.
Look on the ſheets; his hair, you ſee, is ſticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and ragged,
Like to the ſummer's corn by tempeſt lodg'd:
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The leaſt of all theſe ſigns were probable.

Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who ſhould do the Duke to death?
Myſelf and *Beauford* had him in protection;
And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry's* death,
And you, forſooth, had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feaſt him like a friend;
And 'tis well ſeen, he found an enemy.

Q. *Mar.* Then you, belike, ſuſpect theſe noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry*'s timeleſs death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt by a butcher with an ax,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter.
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's neſt,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,

Although

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [knife?
Q. *Mar.* Are you the butcher, *Suffolk?* where's your
Is *Beauford* term'd a kite? where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancrous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry*'s death.
War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him?
Q. *Mar.* He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.
War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art;
And never of the *Nevil*'s noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.
Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.
War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do some service to Duke *Humphry*'s ghost. [*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry*. What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted? (12)
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel juſt;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.

[*A noiſe within.*

Q. *Mar*. What noiſe is this?

Enter Suffolk *and* Warwick, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. *Henry*. Why, how now, Lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our preſence! dare you be ſo bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, ſtand apart; the King ſhall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the commons ſend you word by me,
Unleſs Lord *Suffolk* ſtrait be done to death,
Or baniſhed fair *England*'s territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death,
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humphry* died;
They ſay, in him they fear your Highneſs' death;
And mere inſtinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a ſtubborn oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt royal perſon,
That if your Highneſs ſhould intend to ſleep,
And charge that no man ſhould diſturb your reſt,
In pain of your diſlike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait edict,

(12) *What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?*
Thrice *is he arm'd*——] The poet ſeems to have had in view this expreſſion of *Horace*, (Lib. i. Ode. 3.)

Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus *erat*, &c.

however he has varied it in the application.

Were

Were there a ſerpent ſeen with forked tongue,
That ſlily glided tow'rds your Majeſty,
It were but neceſſary you were wak'd;
Leſt, being ſuffer'd in that harmful ſlumber,
The mortal worm might make the ſleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From ſuch fell ſerpents as falſe *Suffolk* is;
With whoſe invenomed and fatal ſting
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They ſay, is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of *Saliſbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like, the Commons, rude unpoliſh'd hinds,
Could ſend ſuch meſſage to their Sovereign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be employed,
To ſhew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Saliſbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the Lord Ambaſſador
Sent from a ſort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. *Henry.* Go, *Saliſbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they do intreat;
For, ſure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy
Miſchance unto my ſtate by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majeſty I ſwear,
Whoſe far unworthy Deputy I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. *Mar.* Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. *Henry.* Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I ſay: if thou doſt plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increaſe unto my wrath.
Had I but ſaid, I would have kept my word;
But when I ſwear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days ſpace thou here be'ſt found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,

The

The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, *Warwick*, come, good *Warwick*, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. Henry and Warwick, &c.*

Manent Suffolk, *and* Queen.

Q. *Mar.* Mischance and sorrow go along with you,
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company;
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations;
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. *Mar.* Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings! (13)

Their

(13) —— *as smart as* lizards' *stings!*] In several other passages, I have observ'd, our poet speaks of the *lizard*, so inoffensive with us, as of a noxious animal. I don't know, whether in *Italy* these reptiles be venomous, or no; or whether, by *lizard*, the poet means serpent, as *Virgil* is said to do, *Eclog.* 2. *v.* 9.

Nunc viridis etiam occultant spineta Lacertos. Lacertos.] *Genus serpentis*; says *Servius*. But we know, these animals are terrible and noxious in some parts of the world; as in the island of *Java*, for instance.

Their muſick frightful as the ſerpent's hiſs!
And boading ſcreech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-ſeated hell ——
Q. Mar. Enough, ſweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'ſt thyſelf;
And theſe dread curſes, like the ſun 'gainſt glaſs,
Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyſelf.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a winter's night,
Though ſtanding naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let graſs grow,
And think it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Q. Mar. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe; give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To waſh away my woeful monuments.
Oh, could this kiſs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt think upon theſe by the ſeal,
Through whom a thouſand ſighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but ſurmis'd, whilſt thou art ſtanding by:
As one that ſurfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well aſſur'd,
Adventure to be baniſhed myſelf;
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeak not to me; even now be gone——
Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiſs, and take ten thouſand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die:
Yet now farewel, and farewel life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.

ſtance. *In Sylvis* Javæ, *in paludibus & cæno*, Lacertæ *quoddam genus, aut, ut aptius dicam, crocodili terreſtris ſpecies.* —— *Nullus, ex plurimis quos vidi, ultra quinque pedes excreverat. Ferunt tamen* Javani, *ſævos et majores in montibus verſari. Animal per totum Vertebrarum dorſi proceſſum ſerratum eſt, cute rugoſa et ſquamoſa, fœde viridi & maculoſa; ita ut ſolo aſpectu ſuo inſuetis horrorem incutiat.* Bontius *in* Natural. Hiſtor. *lib.* v. *c.* 4.

'Tis

'Tis not the land I care for, were thou hence;
A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art, there is the world itſelf;
With ev'ry ſev'ral pleaſure in the world:
And where thou art not, deſolation.
I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life;
Myſelf no joy in aught but that thou liv'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Q. *Mar.* Whither goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? what news, I pr'ythee?

Vaux. To ſignify unto his Majeſty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſuddenly a grievous ſickneſs took him,
That makes him gaſp, and ſtare, and catch the air,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry*'s ghoſt
Were by his ſide; ſometimes, he calls the King;
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his over-charged ſoul:
And I am ſent to tell his Majeſty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. *Mar.* Go tell this heavy meſſage to the King.

[*Ex.* Vaux.

Ay me! what is this world? what news are theſe?
But wherefore grieve I at an hours poor loſs,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s exile, my ſoul's treaſure?
Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
And with the ſouthern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increaſe; mine for my ſorrows.
Now, get thee hence; the King, thou know'ſt, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy ſight to die, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my ſoul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
Where, from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes;

To

To have thee with thy lips to ſtop my mouth:
So, ſhouldſt thou either turn my flying ſoul;
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body;
And then it liv'd in ſweet *Elyſium*.
To die by thee, were but to die in jeſt;
From thee to die, were torture more than death;
Oh! let me ſtay, befal what may befal.

Q. *Mar.* Away; though parting be a fretful corroſive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To *France*, ſweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
For wherſoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris*, that ſhall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. *Mar.* And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the wooful'ſt caſket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a ſplited bark, ſo ſunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. *Mar.* This way for me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE the *Cardinal's* bedchamber.

Enter King Henry, Saliſbury, *and* Warwick, *to the Cardinal in bed.*

K. *Henry.* HOW fares my Lord? ſpeak, *Beauford*, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou beeſt death, I'll give thee *England's* treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. *Henry.* Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign ſpeaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my tryal, when you will,
Dy'd he not in his bed? where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live whe're they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs——
Alive again? then ſhew me where he is;
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like

Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul!
Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the buſy, meddling, fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſs peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his ſoul, if Gods good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, the coaſt of *Kent*.

Alarum. Fight at ſea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain Whitmore, *and other Pirates, with* Suffolk *and other priſoners.*

CAPTAIN.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorſeful day
Is crept into the boſom of the ſea:
And now loud howling wolves arouſe the jades,
That drag the tragick melancholy night;
Who with their drowſy, ſlow, and flagging wings
Clip dead mens graves; and from their miſty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkneſs in the air.
Therefore bring forth the ſoldiers of our prize:
For whilſt our pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,

Here

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this.
The other, *Walter Whitmore* is thy share.
1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.
Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.
Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.
Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains throats, for die you shall.
Nor can those lives, which we have lost in fight,
Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.
1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.
2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.
Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To* Suffolk.
And so should these, if I might have my will.
Cap. Be not so rash, take ransome, let him live.
Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.
Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.
Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.
Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?
Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf.

Suf. Obſcure and lowly ſwain, King *Henry*'s blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaſter*,
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded groom:
Haſt thou not kiſs'd thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head?
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee creſt-fal'n?
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn ſwain?

Cap. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt; and ſo art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and, on our long-boat's ſide,
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.

Cap. Poole, Sir *Poole*? Lord?
Ay, kennel——puddle——ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver ſpring where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the treaſure of the realm.
Thy lips, that kiſs'd the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground;
And thou, that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humphry*'s death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having nor ſubject, wealth, nor diadem!
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were ſold to *France*;
The falſe revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord; and *Picardy*

Hath

Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the house of *York* (thrust from the crown)
By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
And to conclude, reproach, and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.——

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paultry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
Being Captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* pirate. (14)
Drones suck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the Queen to *France*;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter——

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pœnæ gelidus timor occupat artus: it's thee I fear. (15)

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious Lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

(14) *Than* Bargulus *the strong* Illyrian *pirate.*] The old 4to reads, *than mighty* Abradas *the great* Macedonian *pirate.* Neither of these wights have I been able to trace, or discover from what legend our author deriv'd his acquaintance with them.

(15) Pine *gelidus timor occupat artus.*] Thus the 1st *folio* impression. Whence the poet gleanʼd this *Hemistich*, I do not know. 'Tis certain, the first word is corrupted. I believe, I have restor'd it, as it ought to be. *Suffolk* would say, the fear of that *punishment*, that revenge, they were about to take upon him, put his limbs into a cold trembling.

Suf.

Suf. *Suffolk*'s imperial tongue is ſtern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we ſhould honour ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuit; no; rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than theſe knees bow to any.
Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;
And ſooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than ſtand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True Nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more;
Come, ſoldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot,
Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.
A *Roman* ſworder and *Bandetto* ſlave
Murder'd ſweet *Tully*; *Brutus*' baſtard hand
Stabb'd *Julius Cæſar*; ſavage iſlanders
Pompey the Great; And *Suffolk* dies by pirates.
[*Exit* Walter Whitmore *with* Suffolk.

Cap. And as for theſe, whoſe ranſom we have ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart;
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exe. Captain and the reſt.*

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter* Whitmore, *with the body.*

Whit. There let his head and liveleſs body lye,
Until the Queen his miſtreſs bury it. [*Exit* Whit.

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody ſpectacle!
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Southwark.*

Enter Bevis *and* John Holland.

Bevis. COme, and get thee a ſword though made of a lath; they have been up theſe two days.

Hol. They have the more need to ſleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dreſs the commonwealth, and turn it, and ſet a new nap upon it.

Hol.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well, I ſay, it was never merry world in *England* ſince Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miſerable age! virtue is not regarded in handy-crafts men.

Hol. The nobility think ſcorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is ſaid, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is as much as to ſay, let the magiſtrates be labouring men; and therefore ſhould we be magiſtrates.

Bevis. Thou haſt hit it; for there's no better ſign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them; there's *Beſt*'s ſon, the tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He ſhall have the ſkins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher:——

Bevis. Then is ſin ſtruck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver:——

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* Cade, Dick *the Butcher*, Smith *the Weaver*, *and a Sawyer*, *with infinite numbers*.

Cade. We *John Cade*, ſo term'd of our ſuppoſed father——

Dick. Or rather of ſtealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall fall before us, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command ſilence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer*——

Dick. He was an honeſt man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*——

Dick. I knew her well, ſhe was a midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and ſold many laces.

Weav.

preſently; riſe up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have a him. Is there any more of them that be Knights? (17

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick* butcher. Riſe up, Si *Dick* butcher. Now ſound up the drum.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, *and young* Stafford, *wit drum and Soldiers.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and ſkum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forſake this groom; The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. *Staf.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to bloo If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaves, I paſs not; It is to you, good people, that I ſpeak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaiſterer, And thou thyſelf a ſhearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. *Staf.* And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this.—*Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *Mar* married the Duke of *Clarence*'s daughter, did he not

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. *Staf.* That's falſe.

Cade. Ay, there's the queſtion; but I ſay, 'tis tru The elder of them being put to nurſe, Was by a beggar-woman ſtol'n away; And ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age: His ſon am I; deny it, if you can.

(17) *Is there any more of them that be Knights?*
Mich. *Ay, his brother.*
Cade. *Then kneel down, Dick butcher. Riſe up Sir Dick butch Now ſound up the drum.*] This paſſage I have inſerted from the 4to, becauſe, I think, it greatly encreaſes the pleaſantry and extra gance of *Cade*'s humour; not only to knight himſelf, but, beca *Stafford*'s brother was alſo a Knight, to dub one of his own ſcounc followers, by way of equality.

Di

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's houſe, and the bricks are alive at this day to teſtify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe drudge's words, That ſpeaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. *Staf.* *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myſelf. Go to, ſirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's ſake *Henry* the fifth (in whoſe time boys went to ſpancounter for French crowns) I am content he ſhall reign; but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Say*'s head, for ſelling the dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reaſon; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a ſtaff, but that my puiſſance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can ſpeak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O groſs and miſerable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, anſwer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I aſk but this; can he, that ſpeaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counſellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. *Staf.* Well, ſeeing gentle words will not prevail, Aſſail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*; That thoſe which fly before the battle ends, May (even in their wives and childrens ſight) Be hang'd up for example at their doors; And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* Staffords *with their Train.*

Cade. And you, that love the Commons, follow me. Now ſhew yourſelves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one Lord, one gentleman;

Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhoone,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt* Cade *and his party.*

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the* Staffords *are ſlain.*

Re-enter Cade *and the reſt.*

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Aſhford?*

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like ſheep and oxen, and thou behaved'ſt thyſelf as if thou hadſt been in thine own ſlaughter-houſe; therefore thus I will reward thee: the Lent ſhall be as long again as it is, and thou ſhalt have a licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeak truth, thou deſerv'ſt no leſs. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe's heels, till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's ſword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the priſoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry *with a ſupplication, and Queen* Margaret *with* Suffolk's *head, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Say.

Q. *Mar.* OFT have I heard, that grief ſoftens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breaſt:
But where's the body, that I ſhould embrace?

Buck.

Buck. What anſwer makes your Grace to the rebels ſupplication?

K. *Henry.* I'll ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat;
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the ſword. And I myſelf,
Rather than bloody war ſhould cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their General.
But ſtay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. *Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wand'ring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame? [Head.

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy *Say.* Ay, but I hope, your Highneſs ſhall have his.

K. *Henry.* How now, Madam?
Lamenting ſtill, and mourning *Suffolk*'s death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldſt not have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Q. *Mar.* My love, I ſhould not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *Henry.* How now? what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence*' houſe,
And calls your Grace uſurper openly,
And vows to crown himſelf in *Weſtminſter*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peaſants, rude and mercileſs:
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All ſcholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call falſe caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. *Henry.* O graceleſs men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. *Mar.* Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe *Kentiſh* rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

K. *Henry.* Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,

Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ*. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*,
The citizens fly him, and forſake their houſes:
The raſcal people, thirſting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly ſwear
To ſpoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my Lord; away, take horſe.

K. *Henry*. Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Q. *Mar*. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. *Henry*. Farewel, my Lord; truſt not to *Kentiſh* rebels.

Buck. Truſt no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The truſt I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE changes to *London*.

Enter Lord Scales *upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. HOW now? is *Jack Cade* ſlain?

1 *Cit*. No, my Lord, nor like to be ſlain: for they have won the bridge, killing all thoſe that withſtand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid, as I can ſpare, you ſhall command;
But I am troubled here with them myſelf.
The rebels have aſſay'd to win the *Tower*.
But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goff*.
Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And ſo farewel, for I muſt hence again. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Cannon-Street.*

Enter Jack Cade *and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaff on* London-Stone.

Cade. NOW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here ſitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's coſt the piſſing conduit run nothing but claret wine the firſt year of our reign. And now hence-forward it ſhall be treaſon for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Weav. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield.*

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but firſt go and ſet *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to *Smithfield.*

Alarum. Matthew Goff *is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter* Jack Cade *with his company.*

Cade. SO, Sirs: Now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy:* others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Maſs, 'twill be ſore law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a ſpear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be ſtinking law, for his breath ſtinks with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth ſhall be the parliament of *England.*

John. Then we are like to have biting ſtatutes, unleſs his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things ſhall be in common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord *Say* which ſold the town in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt ſubſidy.

Enter George *with the Lord* Say.

Cade. Well, he ſhall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, (18) thou *Say*, thou ſerge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our juriſdiction regal. What canſt thou anſwer to my Majeſty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monſieur *Buſſimeu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by theſe preſents, even the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the beſom that muſt ſweep the court clean of ſuch filth as thou art: thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-ſchool; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the ſcore and the tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou haſt built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou haſt men about thee, that uſually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and ſuch abominable words, as no chriſtian ear can endure to hear. Thou haſt appointed juſtices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreover, thou haſt put them in priſon; and becauſe they could not read, thou haſt hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cauſe they

(18) *Ah thou* Say, *thou* ſerge, *nay thou* buckram *Lord.*] The poet makes *Cade* here pun upon my Lord *Say*'s name, comparing him to that coarſe ſtuff which we call a *ſay*; and which the *French* likewiſe *term, une ſaie, ſaiette.*

have

have been moſt worthy to live. Thou doſt ride on a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe wear a cloak, when honeſter men than thou go in their hoſe and doublets.

Dick. And work in their ſhirt too; as myſelf, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*,——

Dick. What ſay you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks latine.

Say. Hear me but ſpeak, and bear me where you will. *Kent*, in the commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'ſt place of all this iſle;
Sweet is the country, becauſe full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I ſold not *Maine*; I loſt not *Normandy*;
Yet, to recover them, would loſe my life:
Juſtice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you?
Large gifts have I beſtow'd on learned clerks,
Becauſe my book preferr'd me to the King:
And ſeeing, ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unleſs you be poſſeſt with dev'liſh ſpirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I ſtruck
Thoſe that I never ſaw, and ſtruck them dead.

George. O monſtrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. Theſe cheeks are pale with watching for your good,

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poor mens cauſes
Hath made me full of ſickneſs and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why doſt thou quiver, man?

Say. The palſy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who ſhould ſay, I'll be even with you. I'll ſee, if his head will ſtand ſteadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended moſt?
Have I affected wealth or honour? ſpeak.
Are my cheſts fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel ſumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye ſeek my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſs blood-ſhedding;
This breaſt from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!——

Cade. I feel remorſe in myſelf with his words; but I'll bridle it; he ſhall die, an it be but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he ſpeaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently; and then break into his ſon-in-law's houſe, Sir *James Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as yourſelves,
How would it fare with your departed ſouls?
And therefore yet relent, and ſave my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peer of the realm ſhall not wear a head on his ſhoulders, unleſs he pay me tribute; there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay me her maiden-head ere they have it; men ſhall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dick.

Dick. My Lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well when they were alive: Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Southwark*.

Alarum, and retreat. Enter again Cade, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. UP *Fish-street*, down St. *Magnus* corner, kill and knock down; throw them into *Thames*. [*A Parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham *and old* Clifford, *attended.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye ſo brave? and you, baſe peaſants, do ye believe 'em? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? hath my ſword therefore broke through *London* gates, that you ſhould leave me at the *White-hart* in *Southwark*? I thought, you would never have given out theſe arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo God's curſe light upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſon of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoil;
Unleſs by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a ſhame, that, whilſt you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed,
Should make a ſtart o'er ſea, and vanquiſh you?
Methinks, already in this civil broil
I ſee them lording it in *London* ſtreets,
Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better, ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry;
Than you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchman*'s mercy.
To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your native coaſt.
Henry hath money, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather ſo lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurprize

ſarprize me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying; in deſpight of the devils and hell, have through the very midſt of you; and heavens and honour be witneſs, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my followers baſe and ignominious treaſons make me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go ſome, and follow him.
And he, that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt ſome of them.*
Follow me, ſoldiers; we'll deviſe a mean
To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE, the Palace at *Killingworth.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and* Somerſet *on the Terrat.*

K. *Henry.* WAS ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old.
Was never ſubject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a ſubject.

Enter Buckingham *and* Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to your Majeſty!
K. *Henry.* Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* ſurpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my Lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highneſs' doom of life or death.
K. *Henry.* Then, heav'n, ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your Prince and country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Aſſure yourſelves, will never be unkind:

And

And ſo with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſs you to your ſeveral countries.

All. God ſave the King! God ſave the King!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*;
And with a puiſſant and mighty pow'r
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array:
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerſet*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. *Henry.* Thus ſtands my ſtate 'twixt *Cade* and *York* diſtreſt,
Like to a ſhip, that, having 'ſcap'd a tempeſt,
Is ſtraitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate. (19)
But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men diſpers'd;
And now is *York* in arms to ſecond him.
I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
And aſk him what's the reaſon of theſe arms:
Tell him, I'll ſend Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*;
And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My Lord,
I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. *Henry.* In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

(19) *Is ſtraightway* claim'd, *and boarded with a pirate.*] I doubt not but my readers will agree, that I have reſtor'd to the text its true reading. After the violent working of a tempeſt, the ſea is, for the moſt part, totally *becalm'd*. Beſides, with alluſion to the King's affairs, the tempeſt of *Cade*'s rebellion was juſt blown over; the ſtate was in a calm, by that inſurrection being quieted: and immediately *York*, like an uſurping pirate, comes to ſeize the veſſel of government. And again, which heightens the juſtneſs of the metaphor, a *calm* is the moſt uſual occaſion of that misfortune of being taken by pirates; which, by the uſe of the ſails, they might otherwiſe eſcape. The oldeſt *folio* edition led me to this emendation, where we find it----*Is ſtrait way* calme:---and the 3d *Fol.* impreſſion, as I have obſerv'd ſince, anticipates my correction.

Buck.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.
K. *Henry.* Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may *England* curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Garden in *Kent.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. FY on ambition; fy on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish. These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather; and, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good; for many a time but for a sallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state;
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,

I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſaucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the beſt blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat graſs more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid while *England* ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famiſh'd man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See, if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy leg a ſtick compared with this truncheon.
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for more words, whoſe greatneſs anſwers words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the moſt complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou ſleep in thy ſheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees thou may'ſt be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am ſlain! famine, and no other, hath ſlain me; let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this houſe; becauſe the unconquer'd ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
Ne'er ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour which thy maſter got.

Cade.

Cade. Iden, farewel, and be proud of thy victory: tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man; and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge!
Die damned wretch, the curſe of her that bear thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave;
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE, in the fields near *London.*

Enter York, *and his army of* Iriſh, *with drum and colours.*

YORK.

FROM *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble *Henry*'s head.
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great *England*'s lawful King!
Ah Majeſty! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a ſword, or ſcepter, ballance it.
A ſcepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul,
On which I'll toſs the Flower-de-luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him, ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buck. York, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.

Art

Art thou a meſſenger, or come of pleaſure?

Buck. A meſſenger from *Henry* our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe arms in peace?
Or why, thou, being a ſubject as I am,
Againſt thy oath and true allegiance ſworn,
Should'ſt raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy force ſo near the court?

York. Scarce can I ſpeak, my choler is ſo great.
Oh, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject terms.
And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On ſheep or oxen could I ſpend my fury. [*Aſide.*
I am far better born than is the King:
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak and I more ſtrong.
O *Buckingham!* I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no anſwer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cauſe, why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the ſtate.

Buck. That is too much preſumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine honour is he priſoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is priſoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to-morrow in St. *George*'s field,
You ſhall have pay and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon; nay, all my ſons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the King's Pavilion.

Enter King Henry, *and Attendants. Re-enter* Buckingham *and* York, *attended.*

K. *Henry.* BUckingham, doth *York* intend no harm to us.
That thus he marcheth with the arm in arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. *Henry.* Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt bring?

York. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous rebel *Cade*;
Whom, ſince, I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo mean condition,
May paſs into the preſence of a King,
Lo, I preſent your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.

K. *Henry.* The head of *Cade*? great God! how juſt art thou?
O, let me view his viſage being dead,
That, living, wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that ſlew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Eſquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So pleaſe it you, my Lord, 'twere not amiſs
He were created Knight for his good ſervice.

K. *Henry. Iden*, kneel down! riſe up a Knight;
We give thee for reward a thouſand marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit ſuch a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerſet.

K. *Hen.* See *Buckingham*, *Somerſet* comes with the Queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. *Mar.* For thouſand *Yorks* he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand and front him to his face.

York.

York. How now? is *Somerſet* at liberty?
Then, *York*, unlooſe thy long impriſon'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of *Somerſet?*
Falſe King! why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuſe?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown:
Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,
Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to *Achilles'* ſpear)
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
And with the ſame to act controlling laws:
Give place; by heav'n, thou ſhalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,
Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and crown;
Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail; (20)
Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt, let me ask of theſe,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

Q. *Mar.* Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of *York*
Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, *England*'s bloody ſcourge!
The ſons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,

(20) *Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt, let me ask of theſe,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail.] As theſe lines have hitherto ſtood, I think the ſenſe perplex'd and obſcure. I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe them, and make a ſlight alteration, by the advice of my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*.

Shall

Shall be their father's bail, and bale to thoſe (21)
That for my ſurety will refuſe the boys,

Enter Edward *and* Richard,

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. *Mar.* And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happineſs to my Lord the King!
York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; ſay, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not miſtake;
But thou miſtak'ſt me much, to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?
K. *Henry.* Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppoſe himſelf againſt his King.
Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Q. *Mar.* He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſons, he ſays, ſhall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, ſons?
E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will ſerve.
R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons ſhall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?
York. Look in a glaſs, and call thy image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart traitor;
Call hither to the ſtake my two brave bears,
That with the very ſhaking of their chains

(21) *Shall be their father's* bail, *and* bane *to thoſe*,] Conſidering how our author loves to play on words *ſimilar* in their *ſound*, but oppoſite in their *ſignification*, I make no doubt but I have here reſtor'd his genuine reading. *Bale*, (from whence our common adjective, *baleful*) ſignifies, *detriment*, *ruin*, *misfortune*, &c. We meet with this word again in *Locrine*, a play aſcrib'd to our author, and printed above 20 years before his death

Yea, with theſe eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out, for they will work thy *bale*.

But I ſhall have occaſion to enlarge my authorities for its uſage, when I come to *Coriolanus*.

They

They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking curs:
Bid *Saliſbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and* Saliſbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the baiting place.
R. Plan. Oft have I ſeen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, becauſe he was with-held;
Who, being ſuffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And ſuch a piece of ſervice will you do,
If you oppoſe yourſelves to match Lord *Warwick*.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigeſted lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
York. Nay, we ſhall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, leſt by your heat you burn yourſelves.
K. *Henry.* Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Saliſbury*, ſhame to thy ſilver hair,
Thou mad miſ-leader of thy brain-ſick ſon,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And ſeek for ſorrow with thy ſpectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be baniſh'd from the froſty head,
Where ſhall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And ſhame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I have conſider'd with myſelf
The title of this moſt renowned Duke;
And in my conſcience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England*'s royal ſeat.
K. *Henry.* Haſt thou not ſworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have. [an oath?
K. *Henry.* Canſt thou diſpenſe with heav'n for ſuch
Sal. It is great ſin to ſwear unto a ſin;
But greater ſin to keep a ſinful oath:

Who

Who can be bound by any ſolemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſs virgin's chaſtity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her cuſtom'd right,
And have no other reaſon for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemn oath?

Q. Mar. A ſubtle traitor needs no ſophiſter.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himſelf.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were beſt go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempeſt of the field.

Old Clif. I am reſolv'd to bear a greater ſtorm
Than any thou canſt conjure up to-day:
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſe's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old *Nevil*'s creſt,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged ſtaff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar ſhews,
That keeps his leaves in ſpight of any ſtorm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And ſo to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fy, charity for ſhame, ſpeak not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Jeſu Chriſt to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul ſtigmatick, that's more than thou canſt tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll ſurely ſup in hell.

[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle at St. *Albans*.

Enter Warwick.

War. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air,)
Clifford, I ſay, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarſe with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble Lord? what all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* ſlew my ſteed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beaſt he lov'd ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, *Warwick:* ſeek thee out ſome other chace,
For I myſelf muſt hunt this deer to death.
War. Then nobly, *York*; 'tis for a crown thou fight'ſt;
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my ſoul to leave thee unaſſail'd. [*Exit* War.
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me, *York?* why doſt thou pauſe?
York. With thy brave bearing ſhould I be in love,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemy.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſs want praiſe and eſteem,
But that 'tis ſhewn ignobly, and in treaſon.
York. So let it help me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in juſtice and true right expreſs it.
Clif. My ſoul and body on the action both!——
York. A dreadful lay, addreſs thee inſtantly. [*Fight.*
Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art ſtill;
Peace with his ſoul, heav'n, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confuſion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames diſorder; and diſorder wounds,
Where it ſhould guard. O war! thou ſon of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no ſoldier flie.
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no ſelf-love; for he, that loves himſelf,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end, (22)
[*Seeing his dead Father.*
And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
Knit earth and heav'n together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities and petty ſounds
To ceaſe! waſt thou ordained, O dear father,
To loſe thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The ſilver livery of adviſed age;
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this ſight
My heart is turn'd to ſtone; and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. *York* not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
As wild *Medea* young *Abſyrtus* did.

(22)——*Oh, let the vile world end,*
And the premiſed *flames of the laſt day*
Knit earth and heav'n together!] i. e. Let the vile world end now; and let thoſe flames, which are reſerv'd for its deſtruction hereafter, be *ſent now.*—*Shakeſpeare* is very peculiar in his *adjectives*; and it is much in his manner to uſe the words borrow'd from the *Latin* cloſer to their original ſignification, than they were vulgarly uſed in. So here he uſes *premiſed*, in the ſenſe of the word from which it is deriv'd, *præmiſſus*.

In

In cruelty will I ſeek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford*'s houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchiſes* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly ſhoulders;
But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
Nothing ſo heavy as theſe woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his Father.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerſet, *to fight.*

R. Plan. So, lie thou there: [Somerſet *is kill'd.*
For underneath an ale-houſe paltry ſign, (23)
The caſtle in St. *Albans*, *Somerſet*
Hath made the wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
[*Exit* Richard Plantagenet.

Fight. Excurſions. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *and others.*

Q. *Mar.* Away, my Lord, you are ſlow; for ſhame, away.

K. *Henry.* Can we out-run the heav'ns! good *Marg'ret*, ſtay.

Q. *Mar.* What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to ſecure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then ſhould ſee the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We ſhall to *London* get, where you are lov'd;

(23) *For underneath an ale-houſe paltry ſign,*
The caſtle *in St.* Albans, Somerſet
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.]
The death of *Somerſet* here accompliſhes that equivocal prediction given by *Jordan*, the witch, concerning this Duke; which we met with at the cloſe of the firſt *Act* of this play:
Let him ſhun *caſtles*;
Safer ſhall he be upon the ſandy plains,
Than where *caſtles*, *mounted*, ſtand.
i. e. the repreſentation of a *caſtle*, mounted for a *ſign*.

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future miſchief ſet,
I would ſpeak blaſphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you muſt: incurable diſcomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To ſee their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my Lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.*

York. Of *Saliſbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions and all-bruſh of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occaſion. This happy day
Is not itſelf, nor have we won one foot,
If *Saliſbury* be loſt.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I holp him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him; thrice I led him off,
Perſuaded him from any further act:
But ſtill, where danger was, ſtill there I met him;
And, like rich hangings in an homely houſe,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now, by my ſword, well haſt thou fought to-day;
By th' maſs, ſo did we all. I thank you, *Richard.*
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, Lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repairing nature.

York. I know, our ſafety is to follow them;

For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a preſent court of parliament.
Let us purſue him, ere the writs go forth.
What ſays Lord *Warwick*, ſhall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, Lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. *Alban*'s battle, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more ſuch days as theſe to us befall. [*Exeunt.*

H.Gravelot. in Vol: 5. P. 99. G. Vdt Gucht Scul.

THE

THIRD PART

OF

King *HENRY* VI.

With the DEATH of the

DUKE of *YORK.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry VI.
Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of* Wales.
Duke of Somerſet,
Earl of Northumberland,
Earl of Oxford,
Earl of Exeter,
Earl of Weſtmorland,
Lord Clifford,
} *Lords of King* Henry's *ſide.*
Earl of Richmond, *a Youth, afterwards King* Henry VII.
Richard, *Duke of* York.
Edward, *Eldeſt Son to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
George *Duke of* Clarence, *ſecond Son to the Duke of* York.
Richard, *Duke of* Glouceſter, *third ſon to the Duke of* York, *afterwards King* Richard III.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland, *youngeſt Son to the Duke of* York.
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquiſs of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Saliſbury,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford,
} *of the Duke of* York's *Party.*
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *Uncles to the Duke of* York.
Sir William Stanly, *afterwards Earl of* Derby.
Lord Rivers, *Brother to the Lady* Gray.
Sir John Montgomery.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Mayor of Coventry.
Mayor and Aldermen of York.
Somerville.
Humphry *and* Sinklo, *two Huntſmen.*
Lewis, *King of* France.
Bourbon, *Admiral of* France.
Queen Margaret.
Bona, *Siſter to the* French *King.*
Lady Gray, *Widow of Sir* John Gray, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, *and King* Edward.

In part of the Third Act, the SCENE *is laid in* France, *during all the reſt of the Play, in* England.

The

The THIRD PART of (1) King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I.

SCENE, *London.*

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Soldiers.*

WARWICK.

I Wonder, how the King eſcap'd our hands!
York. While we purſu'd the horſemen of the north,
He ſlily ſtole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland,*
Whoſe warlike ears could never brook retreat,

(1) *The Third Part of King* Henry VI.] The action of this play (which was at firſt printed under this title, *The true Tragedy of* Richard *Duke of* York, *and the good King* Henry VI: *or, The Second Part of the Contention of* York *and* Lancaſter) opens juſt after the firſt battle at St. *Albans*, wherein the *York* faction carries the day; and cloſes with the murder of King *Henry* VI, and the birth of Prince *Edward*, afterwards King *Edward* V. So that this hiſtory takes in the ſpace of full 16 Years. The rancour of the contending factions, in this play, is painted too ſtrongly to be agreeable: but the poet, in a great meaſure, goes on the authority of tradition: and if the Noblemen appear more ſavage than can ſuit with their dignity or our preſent notion of politeneſs; conſiderable allowances muſt be made for the inveteracy, with which this *civil war* was carried on in all its viciſſitudes.

Chear'd up the drooping army; and himſelf,
Lord *Clifford*, and Lord *Stafford*, all a-breaſt,
Charg'd our main battel's front; and breaking in,
Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.
Edw. Lord *Stafford*'s father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlain or wounded dang'rouſly.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltſhire*'s blood;
Whom I encounter'd, as the battels join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—
Throwing down the Duke of Somerſet's *head.*
York. Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons:
Is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerſet?*
Norf. Such hope have all the line of *John* of *Gaunt!*
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henry*'s head.
War. And ſo do I. Victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne,
Which now the houſe of *Lancaſter* uſurps,
I vow by heav'n, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal ſeat; poſſeſs it, *York*;
For this is thine, and not King *Henry*'s heirs.
York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.
York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; ſtay by me, my Lords;
And, ſoldiers, ſtay and lodge by me this night. [*They go up.*
War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence;
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force.
York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks, we ſhall be of her council;
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.
War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King;
And baſhful *Henry* depos'd; whoſe cowardiſe
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not; my Lords, be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.

War.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtir a wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*; root him up, who dare:
Reſolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *Engliſh* crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmorland, Exeter, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* My Lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of ſtate; belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of *Warwick*, that falſe Peer,)
T' aſpire unto the crown, and reign as King.
Earl of *Northumberland*, he ſlew thy father;
And thine, Lord *Clifford*; and you vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in ſteel.

Weſt. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down;
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Earl of *Weſtmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch is he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the parliament
Let us aſſail the Family of *York*.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin, be it ſo.

K. *Henry.* Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly. (2)

K. *Henry.* Far be the thought of this from *Henry*'s heart,
To make a ſhambles of the parliament-houſe.
Couſin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that *Henry* means to uſe.
Thou factious Duke of *York*, deſcend my throne;
[*To the Duke.*

(2) Weſtm. *But when the Duke is ſlain*, &c.] Ever ſince the old edition by the players, hath this line been given to *Weſtmorland*: but, 'tis plain, the King in his ſpeech immediately following replies as to *Exeter*, who in the modern books has not as yet ſpoke a word. I have, upon the authority of the oldeſt *Quarto*, reſtor'd this line, therefore, to *Exeter*.

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy Sovereign.
York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.
Exe. For ſhame come down: he made thee Duke of *York.*
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping *Henry.*
Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural King?
War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard* Duke of *York.*
K. *Henry.* And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?
York. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thyſelf.
War. Be Duke of *Lancaſter*, let him be King.
Weſt. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaſter*;
And that the Lord of *Weſtmorland* ſhall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the Palace gates.
North. No, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſt. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwick*, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death before I ſtir.
War. Poor *Clifford!* how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats.
York. Will you, we ſhew our title to the crown?
If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.
K. *Henry.* What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York*;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March.*
I am the ſon of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of *France*, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
K. *Henry.* The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you loſe:
Father,

Father, tear the crown from the uſurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will fly.——
York. Sons, peace.
K. *Henry.* Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to ſpeak.
War. *Plantagenet* ſhall ſpeak firſt: hear him, Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentive too;
For he, that interrupts him, ſhall not live.
K. *Henry.* Think'ſt thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandfire and my father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our heart's great ſorrow,
Shall be my winding ſheet: why faint you, Lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. But prove it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
K. *Henry.* *Henry* the fourth by conqueſt got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his King.
K. *Henry.* I know not what to ſay, my title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. *Henry.* And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the crown to *Henry* the fourth;
Whoſe heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He roſe againſt him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to reſign his crown perforce.
War. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No, for he could not ſo reſign his crown,
But that the next heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.
K. *Henry.* Art thou againſt us, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exe. My conſcience tells me, he is lawful King.
K. *Henry.* All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.

War. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of thee.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power
Of *Eſſex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke up in deſpight of me.
Clif. King *Henry*, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and ſwallow me alive,
Where I ſhall kneel to him, that ſlew my father!
K. *Henry.* Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart.
York. *Henry* of *Lancaſter*, reſign thy crown:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, Lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill this houſe with armed men;
And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.
[*He ſtamps with his foot, and the Soldiers ſhew themſelves.*
K. *Henry.* My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;
Let me but reign in quiet, while I live.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.
K. *Henry.* I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your ſon?
War. What good is this to *England* and himſelf?
Weſt. Baſe, fearful and deſpairing *Henry!*
Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us!
Weſt. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the Queen theſe news.
Weſt. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of *York*,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!——
Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd!——
[*Exeunt* Nor. Cliff. Weſtm.
War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exe. They ſeek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. *Henry.* Ah, *Exeter!*——

War.

War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?

K. *Henry.* Not for myſelf, Lord *Warwick*, but my ſon;
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But be it, as it may; I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war; and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy King and Sovereign:
Neither by treaſon nor hoſtility
To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry*.--*Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. *Henry.* And long live thou, and theſe thy forward ſons!

York. Now *York* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurſt be he, that ſeeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my caſtle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my ſoldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the ſea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* York, Warwick, Norfolk *and* Montague.

K. *Henry.* And I with grief and ſorrow to the court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whoſe looks bewray her anger:
I'll ſteal away.

K. *Henry.* So, *Exeter*, will I. [*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee—

K. *Henry.* Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will ſtay.

Queen. Who can be patient in ſuch extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had dy'd a maid,
And never ſeen thee, never borne thee ſon,
Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo' unnatural a father.
Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather than made that ſavage Duke thine heir,
And diſinherited thine only ſon.

Prince.

Prince. Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceed?
K. *Henry.* Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, ſweet ſon;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.
Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and will be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak; ah, tim'rous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me,
And given unto the houſe of *York* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
To entail him and's heirs unto the crown,
What is it but to make thy ſepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais*;
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow ſeas;
The Duke is made Protector of the realm;
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe?—ſuch ſafety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour:
And ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf
Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed;
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.
The northern Lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foul diſgrace,
And utter ruin of the houſe of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee; come, ſon, let's away;
Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.
K. *Henry.* Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.
K. *Henry.* Gentle ſon *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay with me?
Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.——
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll ſee your Grace; 'till then I'll follow her.
Queen. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*
K. *Henry.* Poor Queen, how love to me and to her ſon
Hath

Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful Duke,
Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the fleſh of me and of my ſon.
The loſs of thoſe three Lords torments my heart;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair;
Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger.
Exe. And, an I hope, ſhall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Sandal*-Caſtle, near *Wakefield*, in *Yorkſhire*.

Enter Richard, Edward, *and* Montague.

Rich. BRother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, ſons and brother, at a ſtrife?
What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?
Edw. No quarrel, but a ſweet contention. (3)
York. About what?
Rich. About that, which concerns your Grace and us;
The crown of *England*, father; which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving th' houſe of *Lancaſter* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he ſhould quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken: (4)
I'd

(3) *No quarrel, but a* ſlight *contention.*] Thus the players, firſt, in their edition; who did not underſtand, I preſume, the force of the epithet in the old *Quarto*, which I have reſtor'd;—ſweet *contention*. i. e. the argument of their diſpute was upon a grateful topick; the queſtion of their father's immediate right to the crown.

(4) *But for a kingdom any oath may be broken;*] It ſeems very probable to me, that the poet is here copying the ſpirit of this paſſage of *Seneca's Thebais*.

—— *Pro*

I'd break a thouſand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid, your Grace ſhould be forſworn.
York. I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.
York. Thou can'ſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magiſtrate;
That hath authority o'er him, that ſwears.
Henry had none; but did uſurp the place.
Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous;
Therefore, to arms: and, father, do but think
How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whoſe circuit is *Elyſium*,
And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Until the white roſe, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry*'s heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou ſhalt to *London* preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſhmen* will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit. (5)
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more

But

——*Pro regno velim*
Patriam, penates, conjugem flammis dare;
Imperia precio quolibet conſtant bene.

To the ſame tenour *Euripides*, in his *Phœniſſæ*;

——Τυραννίδος περὶ
Κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν: &c.

(5) Witty, *courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.*] What a bleſſed harmonious line have the editors here given us, and what a promiſing epithet, in *York*'s behalf, from the *Kentiſhmen* being ſo *witty*? I can't be ſo partial, however, to my own county, as to let this compliment paſs. I make no doubt to read;

——*For they are Soldiers,*
Wealthy, *and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.*

Now

But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Meſſenger.

But ſtay, what news? why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?
Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle.
She is hard by, with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my Lord.
York. Ay,—with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me;
My brother *Montague* ſhall poſt to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry* nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit* Montague.

Enter Sir John Mortimer, *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.
The army of the Queen means to beſiege us.
Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thouſand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's General; what ſhould we fear?

[*A March afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth and bid them battle ſtrait.
York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Now theſe five characteriſticks anſwer to Lord *Say*'s deſcription of them in the preceding play.

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the *civil'ſt* place in all this iſle;
The people *liberal*, *valiant*, *active*, *wealthy*.

Many

Many a battle have I won in *France*,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE a Field of Battle betwixt *Sandal* Caſtle and *Wakefield*.

Enter Rutland *and his Tutor.*

Rut. AH, whither ſhall I fly, to 'ſcape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look, where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life;
As for the brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah! *Clifford*, murder not this innocent child,
Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, drag'd off.*

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him cloſe his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And ſo he walks inſulting o'er his prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threatning look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It

It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of *York*
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul:
And till I root out their accurſed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray—ſweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity, as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt, in revenge thereof, (ſith God is juſt)
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe!
Thy father ſlew my father, therefore die.
[Clif. *ſtabs him.*

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ! (6) [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet, I come, *Plantagenet!*
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard *Duke of* York.

York. The army of the Queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ſhips before the wind;
Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
My ſons, God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,

(6) *Dii faciant, laudis, &c.*] This is the 66th verſe of *Phillis* her epiſtle to *Demophoon*, in *Ovid.* It is a ſignal inſtance, I think, that the author knew perfectly well how to apply his *Latin*.

And

And thrice cry'd, courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of thoſe, that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, charge! and give no foot of ground;
And cry'd, a crown, or elſe a glorious tomb,
A ſcepter or an earthly ſepulcher.
With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,
We bodg'd again; as I have ſeen a ſwan
With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort alarum within.*
Ah! hark, the fatal followers do purſue,
And I am faint and cannot fly their fury,
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The ſands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *the Prince of* Wales, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy as his ruthleſs arm
With downright payment ſhew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.
York. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So deſp'rate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.
York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;

And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that ſlanders him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one. (7)
Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou, *Northumberland.*
North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.
[*In the ſtruggle* York *is taken Priſoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers ſo o'er-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Queen. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-ſtretched arms,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.

(7) *And* buckler *with thee blows twice two for one.*] This is the reading of all the impreſſions, from the firſt *folio* downwards. But, to *buckler*, is to defend; which certainly is not *Clifford*'s meaning here: And in that ſenſe we have the word afterwards in this very Play;

Can *Oxford*, that did ever *fence* the right,
Now *buckler* falſhood with a pedigree?

Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the old *quarto*, might have obſerv'd the reading is there, as I have reſtor'd it to the text, *buckle*; i. e. *cope, ſtruggle with.* So before, in 1 *Henry* VI.

In ſingle combat thou ſhalt *buckle* with me.

And again;

——All our general force
Might, with a ſally of the very town,
Be *buckled* with.

And again;

And hell too ſtrong for me to *buckle* with.

What?

What! was it you, that would be *England*'s King?
Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Look, *York*; I ſtain'd this napkin with the blood,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor *York*; but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parcht thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland*'s death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Stamp, rave and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.
A crown for *York*—and, Lords, bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.
[*Putting a paper Crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry*'s chair;
And this is he, was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be King
Till our King *Henry* had ſhook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
Off with the crown; and with the crown, his head;
And whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.
Queen. Nay, ſtay, let's hear the oraiſons he makes.
York. She-wolf of *France*, but worſe than wolves of *France*,
Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex
To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud Queen, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs:
Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unleſs the adage muſt be verify'd,
" That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death."
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God, he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the antipodes are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to wear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
Bidſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will.
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhow'rs.
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
Theſe tears are my ſweet *Rutland*'s obſequies;

And

And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*; and thee, falſe *French* woman.
North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo;
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his
The hungry canibals would not have touch'd,
Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juic'd with blood: (8)
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh, ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthleſs Queen, a hapleſs father's tears;
This cloth thou dip'ſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this;
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears:
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay, alas, it was a piteous deed!——
There, take the crown; and, with the crown my curſe,
And in thy need ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My ſoul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my kin,
I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.
Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

(8) *Would not have ſtain'd the roſes* juſt *with blood.*] This reading we deriv'd from the 2d *Folio* edition. The old 4to and the firſt *Folio* impreſſion exhibit the paſſage thus.

That face of his the hungry canibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood.

But how are we to underſtand, *ſtaining the roſes* juſt *with blood?* Can the poet mean, that the *canibals* would not have *juſt* ſtain'd the roſes in his cheeks with blood? The poſition of the words is forc'd, to admit of this conſtruction: and, *juſt*, ſeems a very idle expletive. The conjecture, which I gave in print ſometime ago, and with which I have now reſtor'd the text, I am very willing to think, retrieves the poet's thought.

Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juic'd *with blood.*

i. e. would not have ſpilt that blood, whoſe juices ſhone thro' his young cheeks, bright as the vermilion dye in roſes.

And

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*
Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My ſoul flies through theſe wounds, to ſeek out thee.
[*Dies.*
Queen. Off with his head, and ſet it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, near *Mortimer*'s Croſs in *Wales*.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, *and their Power.*

EDWARD.

I Wonder, how our princely Father ſcap'd;
Or whether he be ſcap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford*'s and *Northumberland*'s purſuit?
Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news.
Or had he ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I ſaw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he ſingled *Clifford* forth;
Methought, he bore him in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs,
Who having pincht a few and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies,
So fled his enemies my warlike father:

Methinks,

Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious ſun;
How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;
Not ſeparated with the racking clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee, they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs;
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we the ſons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithſtanding join our lights together,
And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.

R. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave I ſpeak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Meſſenger.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?

Meſ. Ah! one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *York* was ſlain;
Your princely father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, ſpeak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Meſ. Environed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds;
And many ſtroaks, though with a little ax,
Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm

Of

Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen;
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight;
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſs Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And after may ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon!
Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay.
O! *Clifford*, boiſt'rous *Clifford!* thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him!
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee.
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt!
For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
Never, oh never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture
Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden:
For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire up all my breaſt;
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll 'venge thy death;
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy deſcent, by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay;
Either that's thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. *Enter* Warwick, *Marquis of* Montague, *and their army.*

W. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
Stab poniards in our fleſh till all were told;
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is ſlain.

Edw. O *Warwick! Warwick!* That *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears;
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes.
I come to tell you things ſith then befaln.
After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſt could run,
Were brought me of your loſs and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends;
March'd towards St. *Albans* t' intercept the Queen;
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advertiſed
That ſhe was coming, with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s oath, and your ſucceſſion:
Short tale to make, we at St. *Albans* met,
Our battels join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought;
But whether 'twas the coldneſs of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their heated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs,
Or more than common fear of *Clifford*'s rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
Our ſoldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thraſher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay and great reward;
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight;
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the King unto the Queen;
Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk*, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you:
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with his power;
And for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind aunt, dutcheſs of *Burgundy*,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, till now, his ſcandal of retire.

War. Nor now my ſcandal, *Richard*, doſt thou hear;
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint *Henry*'s head,
And wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*; blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our *Ave Maries* with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay, ay; and to it, Lords.

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to ſeek you out;
And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me, Lords: the proud inſulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting King, like wax.
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,

His oath enrolled in the Parliament:
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk* and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
Amongſt the loving *Welſhmen* canſt procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand:
Why, *Via!* to *London* will we march amaine;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
And once again cry, charge upon our foes!——
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear Great *Warwick* ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſun-ſhine day,
That cries, retire.——if *Warwick* bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy ſhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England*'s royal throne:
For King of *England* ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along:
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But ſound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
As thou haſt ſhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then ſtrike up, drums: God and St. *George* for us!

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Meſſ. The Duke of *Norfolk* ſends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

War. Why then it ſorts; brave warriors, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *York*.

Enter King Henry, *the Queen*, Clifford, Northumberland, *and the Prince of* Wales, *with Drums and Trumpets.*

Queen. WElcome, my Lord, to this brave town of *York*.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſt with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. *H.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear their wreck;
To ſee this ſight it irks my very ſoul:
With-hold revenge, dear God; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity muſt be laid aſide: (9)
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt, that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt bear doth lick?
Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on!
And doves will peck in ſafeguard of their brood.
Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown;
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his ſon a King;
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him;
Which argu'd thee a moſt unloving father.
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings,
Which ſometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
Make war with him that clim'd unto their neſt,

(9) *And* harmleſs *pity muſt be laid aſide*] This reading, I don't know for what reaſon, was introduc'd by Mr. *Rowe*, and follow'd by Mr. *Pope*: But all the old books have it rightly, *harmful*: meaning, that the King's lenity and pity were prejudicial to his intereſt.

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your preſident.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,
What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
My careleſs father fondly gave away!
Ah, what a ſhame was this! look on the boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. *Henry*. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didſt thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?
And happy always was it for that ſon, (10)
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And would, my father had left me no more!
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
As brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.
Ah, couſin *York*; would, thy beſt friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your ſpirits, our foes are nigh;
And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint:
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward ſon,
Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. *Henry*. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a Knight;
And learn this leſſon, draw thy ſword in right.

(10) *And happy always was it for that ſon,*
Whoſe father for his hoarding went to hell.] Mr *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* in this pointing have err'd with ſome of the old impreſſions, and quite ſubverted the poet's meaning. They make the King aſſert a ſentiment, which he, in fact, is calling in queſtion. I have reſtor'd the true pointing from the old *Quarto*, which Mr. *Pope* would have us believe he had collated. The King would argue thus; "Tho' "'tis a general ſaying, that the ſon is happy, whoſe miſerly father "goes to the devil; yet is every ſuch ſon, without exception, happy, "in having had ſuch a parſimonious father?"

Prince.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs;
For with a band of thirty thouſand men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York:*
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would, your Highneſs would depart the field:
The Queen hath beſt ſucceſs, when you are abſent.
Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. *Henry.* Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, St. *George!*

March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And ſet thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy.
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy Sovereign and thy lawful King?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.
Clif. And reaſon too:
Who ſhould ſucceed the father, but the ſon?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot ſpeak.
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not ſatisfy'd.
Rich. For God's ſake, Lords, give ſignal to the fight.
War. What ſay'ſt thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the crown?
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at St. *Albans* laſt,
Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood, that durſt make you ſtay.
Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.——
Break off the parle, for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-ſwoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I ſlew thy father, call'ſt thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a daſtard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*:
But, ere ſun-ſet, I'll make thee curſe the deed.
K. *Henry.* Have done with words, my Lords, and hear me ſpeak.
Queen. Defy them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
K. *Henry.* I pry'thee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to ſpeak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd
That *Clifford*'s manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, *Henry*, ſhall I have my right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in juſtice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Who ever got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,

But

But like a foul miſ-ſhapen ſtigmatick,
Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided;
As venomous toads, or lizards dreadful ſtings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *Engliſh* gilt,
Whoſe father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?
Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf.
Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy huſband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon*'s brother wrong'd
By that falſe woman, as this King by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin ſtoop:
And had he match'd according to his ſtate,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal day,
Even then that ſun-ſhine brew'd a ſhow'r for him,
That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claim until another age.
Cla. But when we ſaw, our ſun-ſhine made thy ſpring,
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy uſurping root;
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
Yet know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
We'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this reſolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'dſt the gentle King to ſpeak.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or elſe a grave.
Queen. Stay, *Edward*——

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives this day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE changes to a Field of Battle at *Ferribridge* in *Yorkſhire*.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

War. FOre-ſpent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength;
And, ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt awhile.

Enter Edward *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n! or ſtrike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s ſun is clouded.
War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counſel give you? whither ſhall we fly?
Edw. Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?
Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk, (11)
Broach'd

(11) *Thy* brother's *blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] This paſſage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old 4to applies this deſcription to the death of *Saliſbury*, *Warwick*'s father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of hiſtory. For the Earl of *Saliſbury* in the battle at *Wakefield*, wherein *Richard* Duke of *York* loſt his life, was taken priſoner, beheaded at *Pomfret*, and his head, together with the Duke of *York*'s, fix'd over *York*-gates. Then, the only brother of *Warwick*, introduc'd in this play, is the Marquiſs of *Montacute*; (or *Montague*, as he is call'd by our author:) but he does not die, till ten years after, in the battle at *Barnet*; where *Warwick* likewiſe was kill'd. The truth is, the brother, here mention'd, is no perſon in the *Drama*: and his death

is

Broach'd with the ſteely point of *Clifford*'s lance:
And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
(Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge; brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoaking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood;
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were plaid in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my ſoul to thine.
And ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up, and plucker down, of Kings!
Beſeeching thee, (if with thy will it ſtands
That to my foes this body muſt be prey)
Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul.——
Now, Lords, take leave until we meet again;
Where-e'er it be, in heav'n or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe;
That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

War. Away, away: once more, ſweet Lords, farewel.

Cla. Yet let us all together to our troops;
And give them leave to fly, that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;

is only an incidental piece of hiſtory. Conſulting the chronicles upon this action at *Ferribridge*, I find him to have been a natural ſon of *Saliſbury*, (in that reſpect, a brother to *Warwick*;) and eſteem'd a valiant young gentleman.

And

And if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards,
As victors wear at the *Olympian* games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of life and victory;
Fore-ſlow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. *Enter* Richard, *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone;
Suppoſe, this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand, that ſtabb'd thy father *York*;
And this the hand, that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death;
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf:
And ſo, have at thee.

They fight. Warwick *enters*, Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, ſingle out ſome other chaſe,
For I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. *Enter King* Henry *alone.*

K. *Henry.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I ſit me down:
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too

Have

Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were ſo:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely ſwain;
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
How many makes the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finiſh up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours, muſt I tend my flock;
So many hours, muſt I take my reſt;
So many hours, muſt I contemplate;
So many hours, muſt I ſport myſelf;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I ſhall ſhear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Paſt over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how ſweet, how lovely!
Gives not the haw-thorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To ſhepherds looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To Kings, that fear their ſubjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thouſand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the ſhepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, miſtruſt and treaſons wait on him.

Alarum.

Alarum. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—
This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns;
And I that, haply, take them from him now,
May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this! oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd:
Oh heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
From *London* by the King was I preſt forth;
My father, being the Earl of *Warwick*'s man,
Came on the part of *York*, preſt by his maſter;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. *Henry.* O piteous ſpectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'er charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me ſee: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only ſon!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eyes; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
O pity, God, this miſerable age!
What ſtratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

This

This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy! thy father gave thee life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late. [grief;
K. *Henry*. Woe above woe; grief, more than common
O, that my death would ſtay theſe rueful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale cheek, methinks, preſenteth:
Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd?
Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfy'd? [chances,
K. *Henry*. How will the country, for theſe woeful
Miſ-think the King, and not be ſatisfy'd?
Son. Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?
K. *Henry*. Was ever King, ſo griev'd for ſubjects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit*.
Fath. Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet,
My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulcher;
For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell:
And ſo obſequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loſs of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;
For I have murder'd, where I ſhould not kill. [*Exit*.
K. *Henry*. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care;
Here ſits a King more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, *and* Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chaſed bull:
Away!

Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit,

Queen. Mount you, my Lord, towards *Berwick* poſt amain.
Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteel graſpt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed:
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

K. *Henry.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away! [*Exeunt.*

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford *wounded.* (12)

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it laſted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaſter!* I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee; [*Falling.*
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrengthning miſ-proud *York.*
The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies; (13)

(12) *Enter* Clifford *wounded.*] In the 1ſt *quarto*, there is this circumſtance added; *Enter* Clifford *wounded, with an arrow in his neck.* The players, in their edition, had reaſon to make a retrenchment of this; for, no doubt, 'twas a point of ridicule to ſee an actor come upon the ſtage to die, with an arrow fixt in his neck. And this paſſage I find rallied by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle.* For *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, is there introduc'd, *with a forked arrow through his head*; and makes a long burleſque harangue in a bantering imitation of *Clifford*'s ſpeech here. Take a ſhort ſample of his laſt dying words.

Farewel, all you good boys in merry *London*,
Ne'er ſhall we more upon *Shrove-tueſday* meet,
And pluck down houſes of iniquity.
My pain encreaſeth:—I ſhall never more
Hold open, whilſt another pumps both legs;
Nor daub a ſattin gown with rotten eggs.
Set up a ſtake, oh, never more I ſhall;
I die: fly, fly, my ſoul, to *Grocer*'s-Hall. [*Dies.*

(13) *The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies.*] This line, which is a neceſſary introduction to that which follows, and which is left out in all the other impreſſions, I have reſtor'd from the old *quarto.*

And

And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?
And who ſhines now, but *Henry*'s enemies?
O *Phœbus!* hadſt thou never giv'n conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning car had never ſcorch'd the earth;
And *Henry*, hadſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of *York*,
They never then had ſprung like ſummer flies.
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deſerv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*; *Warwick*, and the reſt;
I ſtabb'd your fathers 'boſoms; ſplit my breaſt.
[*He faints.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, Lords, good fortune bids us pauſe;
And ſmooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops purſue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a ſail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,
Command an argoſy to ſtem the waves.
But think you, Lords, that *Clifford* fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeak the word,
Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave;
And whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.
[Clifford *groans.*
Rich. Whoſe ſoul is that, which takes her heavy leave?

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.
See who it is.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently uſed.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth;
But ſet his murd'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Inſtead whereof, let his ſupply the room.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcreech-owl to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death to us and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.

War. I think, his underſtanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-ſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us what we ſay.

Rich. O, would he did! and ſo, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aſk mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſs penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.

Cla. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didſt love *York*, and I am ſon to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'ſt *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*; ſwear, as thou waſt wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his friends an oath:
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my ſoul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours life,
That I in all deſpight might rail at him,

This

This hand ſhould chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtanched thirſt
York and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England*'s royal King:
From whence ſhall *Warwick* cut the ſea to *France*,
And aſk the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe lands together.
And having *France* thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe that hopes to riſe again:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz t' offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the coronation;
And then to *Britany* I'll croſs the ſea,
T' effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, ſweet *Warwick*, let it be;
For on thy ſhoulder do I build my ſeat:
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counſel, and conſent, is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as ourſelf
Shall do and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of *Glo'ſter*;
For *Glo'ſter*'s dukedom is too ominous. (14)

(14) *For* Glo'ſter's *dukedom is too ominous.*] This paſſage ſeems ſneer'd at by *B. Jonſon* in his *Devil*'s an *Aſs*; where a fooliſh fellow is duped into the opinion of being created a Duke.

Meer-cr. I think, we ha' found a place to fit you now, Sir: *Glouceſter.*——

Fitz-dot. O, no; I'll none.

Meer-cr. Why, Sir?

Fitz-dot. 'Tis fatal.

Meer-cr. That you ſay right in. *Spencer*, I think, the younger, had his laſt honour thence. But he was but an Earl.

Fitz-dot. I know not that, Sir: But *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, I'm ſure, was Duke; and he was made away at *Calice*, as Duke *Humphry* was at *Bury*: And *Richard* the *Third*, you know, what end he came to.

Meer-cr. By my faith, you're cunning in the chronicle, Sir.

Fitz-dot. No, I confeſs, I ha't from the *play-books*; and think, they're more authentick.

War.

War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation;
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ſter:* now to *London*,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, a Wood in *Lancaſhire.*

Enter Sinklo *and* Humphry, *with croſs-bows in their hands.*

SINKLO.

UNder this thick-grown brake we'll ſhroud ourſelves,
For through this land anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our ſtand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noiſe of thy croſs-bow
Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt.
And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt.

Enter King Henry, *with a prayer-book.*

K. *Henry.* From *Scotland* am I ſtol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight:
No, *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm waſht off wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſs to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's ſeize upon him.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Let me embrace theſe four adverſities;
For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear awhile, we'll hear a little more.
K. *Henry*. My Queen and ſon are gone to *France* for aid:
And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's ſiſter
To wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and ſon! your labour is but loſt:
For *Warwick* is a ſubtle orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince ſoon won with moving words.
By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
Her ſighs will make a batt'ry in his breaſt;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tyger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorſe,
To hear and ſee her plaints, her briniſh tears.
Ay, but ſhe's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for *Henry*;
He, on his right, aſking a wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and ſays, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays, his *Edward* is inſtall'd;
That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more:
While *Warwick* tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion wins the King from her;
With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen, and ſupport, King *Edward*'s place.
O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor ſoul)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'ſt of Kings and Queens?
K. *Henry*. More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to,
A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be;
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. Ay, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wert a King.
K. *Henry*. Why, ſo I am in mind, and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy crown?
K. *Henry*. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with diamonds and *Indian* ſtones;

Not

Not to be ſeen: my crown is call'd *content*;
A crown it is, that ſeldom Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.
K. *Henry.* But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?
Hum. No, never ſuch an oath; nor will not now.
K. *Henry.* Where did you dwell, when I was King of *England?*
Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.
K. *Henry.* I was anointed King at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather were Kings;
And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?
Sink. No, we were ſubjects but while you were King.
K. *Henry.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?
Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guſt;
Such is the lightneſs of you common men.
But do not break your oaths, for of that ſin
My mild intreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King ſhall be commanded;
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.
Sink. We are true ſubjects to the King, King *Edward.*
K. *Henry.* So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were ſeated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the King's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. *Henry.* In God's name lead, your King's name be obey'd;
And what God will, that let your King perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Glouceſter, Clarence, *and Lady* Gray.

K. *Edw.* BRother of *Glo'ſter*, at St. *Alban*'s field
This Lady's huſband, Sir *John Gray*, was ſlain,
His land then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now to repoſſeſs thoſe lands,
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny;
Becauſe, in quarrel of the houſe of *York*, (15)
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.

Glo. Your Highneſs ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.

K. *Edw.* It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

Glo. Yea! is it ſo?
I ſee, the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.

Clar. He knows the game; how true he keeps the wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. *Edw.* Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay.
May't pleaſe your Highneſs to reſolve me now?
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

(15) *Becauſe, in quarrel of the houſe of* York,
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.] I am afraid, our poet puts falſe colours on the death of Sir *John Gray*, to palliate King *Edward*'s marriage with the widow. Sir *John Gray* was ſlain at the laſt battle of St. *Albans*, by the power of King *Edward*; as *Hall* expreſsly ſays: ſo that he was in Queen *Margaret*'s army, and really ſlain on the quarrel of *Lancaſter*. And King *Edward*'s Queen, in *Richard III.* is reproach'd with this by *Glouceſter*.

In all which time you and your huſband *Gray*
Were factious for the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
——Was not your huſband
In *Marg'ret*'s battle at St. *Alban*'s ſlain?

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
Glo. Nay, whip me then: he'll rather give her two.
Gray. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
K. *Edw.* 'Twere pity they ſhould loſe their father's lands.
Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.
K. *Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave;
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
K. *Edw.* Now tell me, Madam, do you love your children?
Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.
K. *Edw.* And would you not do much to do them good?
Gray. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.
K. *Edw.* Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.
Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
K. *Edw.* I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.
Gray. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſs' ſervice.
K. *Edw.* What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Gray. What you command, that reſts in me to do.
K. *Edw.* But you will take exceptions to my boon?
Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
K. *Edw.* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.
Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt.
Gray. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?
K. *Edw.* An eaſy taſk, 'tis but to love a King.
Gray. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.
K. *Edw.* Why, then thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.
Gray. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.
Glo. The match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a curtſy.
K. *Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.
K. *Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another ſenſe.

What

What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Gray. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. *Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.
Gray. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. *Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.
K. *Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lie in priſon.
K. *Edw.* Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.
Gray. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.
K. *Edw.* Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.
Gray. Herein your Highneſs wrongs both them and me:
But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſs of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, or with ay, or no.
K. *Edw.* Ay; if thou wilt ſay, ay, to my requeſt:
No; if thou doſt ſay, no, to my demand.
Gray. Then, no, my Lord; my ſuit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows.
Clar. He is the bluntſt wooer in chriſtendom.
K. *Edw.* Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty,
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge ſovereignty;
One way, or other, ſhe is for a King;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?
Gray. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious Lord;
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.
K. *Edw.* Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. *Edw.* You cavil, widow; I did mean my Queen.
Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my ſons ſhould call you father.
K. *Edw.* No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many ſons.
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift.
Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift.
K. *Edw.* Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
K. *Edw.* You'd think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Clar. To whom, my Lord?
K. *Edw.* Why, *Clarence*, to myſelf.
Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.
Glo. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
K. *Edw.* Well, jeſt on, brothers; I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your foe is taken.
And brought your priſoner to your palace-gate.
K. *Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along: Lords, uſe her honourably.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Glouceſter.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will uſe women honourably.
Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
To croſs me from the golden time I look for.
And yet between my ſoul's deſire and me,
(The luſtful *Edward*'s title buried)
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his ſon young *Edward*;

And

And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
To take their rooms ere I can place myſelf.
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
Why, then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way;
So do I wiſh, the crown being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
And ſo (I ſay) I'll cut the cauſes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impoſſible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'er-weens too much,
Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
Well, ſay, there is no kingdom then for *Richard:*
What other pleaſure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my words and looks.
O miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe
To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub:
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought!
Then ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear ſuch
As are of better perſon than myſelf;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the crown;
And, while I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until the miſ-ſhap'd trunk, that bears this head,

Be round-impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, (like one loſt in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling deſp'rately to find it out)
Torment myſelf to catch the *Engliſh* crown.
And from that torment I will free myſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions:
I'll drown more ſailors, than the mermaid ſhall;
I'll ſlay more gazers, than the baſiliſk;
I'll play the orator, as well as *Neſtor*;
Deceive more ſlily, than *Ulyſſes* could;
And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy:*
I can add colours ev'n to the camelion;
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
And ſet the murd'rous *Machiavel* to ſchool.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *France.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Lewis, *Lady* Bona, Bourbon, Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Queen* Margaret, *and the Earl of* Oxford. Lewis *ſits, and riſeth up again.*

K. *Lew.* FAir Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us; it ill beſits thy ſtate
And birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* ſits.

Queen No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn awhile to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
Great *Albion*'s Queen in former golden days:
But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;

Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to my humble ſeat conform myſelf.
K. *Lew.* Why, ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
Queen. From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears;
And ſtops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.
K. *Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide. Yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
It ſhall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.
Queen. Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſh'd man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;
While proud ambitious *Edward* Duke of *York*
Uſurps the regal title, and the ſeat
Of *England*'s true-anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe, that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my ſon Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:
Our people and our Peers are both miſ-led,
Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
And, as thou ſeeſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.
K. *Lew.* Renowned Queen, with patience calm the ſtorm;
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Queen. The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.
K. *Lew.* The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.
Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow: (16)
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter

(16) *O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow;*
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.] Tho' I have not

Enter Warwick.

K. *Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward*'s greateſt friend.
K. *Lew.* Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France?* [*He deſcends. She ariſeth.*
Queen. Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.
War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindneſs and unfeigned love)
Firſt to do greetings to thy royal perſon,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair ſiſter,
To *England*'s King in lawful marriage.
Queen. If that go forward, *Henry*'s hope is done!
War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to* Bona.
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
Queen. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer *Warwick*. His demand

diſturb'd the text here, I cannot ſmother an ingenious conjecture of my friend's on this paſſage.—" *How does impatience wait more particularly on* true *ſorrow?* On the contrary, thoſe ſorrows, ſuch as this " Queen's, which came gradually, by a long courſe of misfortunes, " are generally leſs impatient than that of thoſe, who, having been " unacquainted with misfortunes, fall into ſudden miſeries. Perhaps, " the true reading might be;"

O, but impatience, waiting, rues to-morrow:
And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

" I. e. When impatience waits and ſollicits for redreſs, there is no" thing ſhe ſo much dreads as being put off till to-morrow; (a pro" verbial expreſſion for procraſtination) and a very proper reply to the " King. Beſides, a rhyme is hereby added, in which cuſtom the " poet ſo much delighted; and a ſentiment is convey'd truely worthy " of him." Mr. *Warburton*.

Springs

Springs not from *Edward*'s well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit bred by neceſſity:
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liveth ſtill; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henry*'s ſon.
Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For tho' uſurpers ſway the rule awhile,
Yet heav'ns are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret!*——

Prince. And why not Queen?

War. Becauſe thy father *Henry* did uſurp,
And thou no more art Prince, than ſhe is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* diſannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spain*;
And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;
And, after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
Who by his proweſs conquered all *France*:
From theſe our *Henry* lineally deſcends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the ſixth hath loſt
All that which *Henry* the fifth hath gotten?
Methinks, theſe Peers of *France* ſhould ſmile at that.
But, for the reſt; you tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirty and ſix years,
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, *Warwick*, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
War. And I the houſe of *York*.
K. *Lew.* Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchſafe at our requeſt to ſtand aſide,
While I uſe farther conference with *Warwick*.
Queen. Heav'ns grant, that *Warwick*'s words bewitch him not! [*They ſtand aloof.*
K. *Lew.* Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy conſcience,
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawful choſen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.
K. *Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
K. *Lew.* Then further; all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
Unto our ſiſter *Bona*.
War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a monarch like himſelf:
Myſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,
That this his love was an external plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;
Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,
Unleſs the Lady *Bona* quit his pain.
K. *Lew.* Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſs, that often ere this day, [*Speaks to* War.
When I have heard your King's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.
K. *Lew.* Then, *Warwick*, this our ſiſter ſhall be *Edward*'s.
And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your King muſt make,
Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witneſs,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to th' *Engliſh* King.
Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *Engliſh* King.
Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my ſuit;
Before thy coming, Lewis was *Henry*'s friend.

K. Lew.

K. *Lew.* And ſtill is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward*'s good ſucceſs;
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in *Scotland* at his eaſe,
Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you:
And better 'twere, you troubled him than *France*.
Queen. Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace!
Proud fetter-up and puller down of Kings!
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſly conveyance, and thy Lord's falſe love:
[*Poſt, blowing a horn within.*
For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.
K. *Lew. Warwick*, this is ſome poſt to us, or thee.

Enter a Poſt.

Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
[*To* Warwick.
Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.
Theſe from our King unto your Majeſty. [*To K.* Lew.
And, Madam, theſe for you; from whom I know not.
[*To the Queen. They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark, how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettled.
I hope, all's for the beſt. [Queen.
K. *Lew. Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours, fair
Queen. Mine ſuch, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys,
War. Mine full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.
K. *Lew.* What! has your King marry'd the Lady *Gray*?
And now, to ſooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he ſeeks with *France*?
Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majeſty as much before;
This proveth *Edward*'s love and *Warwick*'s honeſty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly bliſs,
That I am clear from this miſdeed of *Edward*'s:
No more my King; for he diſhonours me,
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſs th' abuſe done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt with ſhame?
Shame on himſelf, for my deſert is honour!
And to repair my honour loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My noble Queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth, I am thy true ſervitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.

Queen. Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love,
And I forgive and quite forget old faults;
And joy, that thou becom'ſt King *Henry*'s friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him;
And as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
Or than for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how ſhall poor *Henry* live,
Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *Engliſh* Queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret*'s.

Therefore

Therefore at laſt I firmly am reſolv'd
You ſhall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. *Lew.* Then, *England*'s meſſenger, return in poſt,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him; in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I wear the willow garland for his ſake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aſide;
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone.—— [*Exit Poſt.*

K. *Lew.* But *Warwick*,
Thyſelf and *Oxford* with five thouſand men
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe *Edward* battle:
And as occaſion ſerves, this noble Queen
And Prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy (17)
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, ſhe is fair and virtuous;
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,

(17) *I'll join my* eldeſt *daughter, and my joy,*
To him forthwith,—] Surely, this is a miſtake of the copyiſts. *Hall*, in the 9th year of K. *Edward* IV. ſays, *Edward*, Prince of *Wales*, wedded *Anne* SECOND daughter to the Earl of *Warwick* —And the Duke of *Clarence* was in love with the ELDER, the Lady *Iſabel*; and in reality was married to her five years before Prince *Edward* took the Lady *Anne* to wife.

And in K. *Richard* 3d, *Glouceſter*, who married this Lady *Anne* when a widow, ſays,

For then I'll marry *Warwick*'s YOUNGEST daughter.
What tho' I kill'd her huſband and her father?

i. e. Prince *Edward*, and K. *Henry* VI. her father in law. See likewiſe *Holingſhead* in his chronicle, p. 671 and 672.

And

And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick*'s daughter ſhall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

K. *Lew.* Why ſtay we now? theſe ſoldiers ſhall be levy'd,
And thou, Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, till *Edward* fall by war's miſchance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of *France*.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Warwick.

War. I came from *Edward* as ambaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale, but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry*'s miſery,
But ſeek revenge on *Edward*'s mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, the Palace in *England*.

Enter Glouceſter, Clarence, Somerſet *and* Montague.

GLOUCESTER.

NOW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*:
How could he ſtay till *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, *Lady* Gray *as Queen*, Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Haſtings: *Four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*

Glo. And his well choſen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th'Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

K. *Edw.* Suppoſe, they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick*'s, and muſt have my will.

Glo. And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. *Edw.* Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh
Them ſevered whom God hath join'd together:
Pity, to ſunder them, that yoke ſo well.

K. *Edw.* Setting your ſcorns and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my wife, and *England*'s Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

K. *Edw.* What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

Haſt. Why, knows not *Montague*, that of itſelf
England is ſafe, if true within itſelf?

Mont. Yes; but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with *France*.

Haſt. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*.

Let

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord *Hungerford.*

K. *Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride.
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. *Edw.* Alas, poor *Clarence!* is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. *Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. *Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;
What danger, or what sorrow, can befal thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sov'reign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe;

And

And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.

Enter a Poſt.

K. *Edw.* Now, meſſenger, what letters or what news from *France*?

Poſt. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words; But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon) Dare not relate.

K. *Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: So tell their words, as near as thou canſt gueſs them. What anſwer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words; Go tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King, That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over maſkers To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. *Edw.* Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*. But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my marriage?

Poſt. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain: Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.

K. *Edw.* I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs; She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henry*'s Queen? For ſo I heard, that ſhe was there in place.

Poſt. Tell him, (quoth ſhe) my mourning weeds are done; And I am ready to put armour on.

K. *Edw.* Belike, ſhe minds to play the *Amazon*. But what ſaid *Warwick* to theſe injuries?

Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words; Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong; And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. *Edw.* Ha! durſt the traitor breathe out ſo proud words? Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd: They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption. But ſay, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?

Poſt. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're ſo link'd in friendſhip, That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick*'s daughter.

Clar.

Clar. Belike, the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder. (18)
Now, brother King, farewel, and fit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwick*'s other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.
You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.
[*Exit* Clarence; *and* Somerſet *follows.*
Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I ſtay not for love of *Edward*, but the crown. [*Aſide.*
K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
And haſte is needful in this deſp'rate caſe:
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will ſoon be landed;
Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Ex.* Pembroke *and* Stafford.
But ere I go, *Haſtings* and *Montague*,
Reſolve my doubt: you twain, of all the reſt,
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
That I may never have you in ſuſpect.
Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he favours *Edward*'s cauſe!
K. *Edw.* Now, brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by us?
Glo. Ay, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
K. *Edw.* Why ſo, then am I ſure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and loſe no hour,
Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign power. [*Exit*

(18) *Belike, the* elder: Clarence *will have the* younger.] I have ventur'd to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line, againſt the authority of all the printed copies. The reaſon of it will be obvious to every one, from the proofs in my note preceding this.

SCENE

SCENE, in *Warwickſhire.*

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *Soldiers.*

War. TRuſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people ſwarm by numbers to us,

Enter Clarence *and* Somerſet.

But ſee, where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* come;
Speak ſuddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*;
And welcome, *Somerſet*: I hold it cowardize
To reſt miſtruſtful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love.
Elſe might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward*'s brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.
But welcome, friend, my daughter ſhall be thine.
And now what reſts, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelеſly encamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about, (19)
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found th' adventure very eaſy:
That as *Ulyſſes* and ſtout *Diomede*
With ſlight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus*' tents;
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal ſteeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward*'s guard,
And ſeize himſelf: I ſay not, ſlaughter him;
For I intend but only to ſurprize him.
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry,* Henry.]

Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,

(19) *His ſoldiers lurking in the* town *about.*] Dr. *Thirlby* adviſed the reading *towns* here, very juſtly, upon the proof of this paſſage ſpoken by the guard in the ſcene immediately following.

——but why commands the King,
That his chief follʼwers lodge in *towns* about him, *&c.*

For

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George!*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till *Warwick*, or himself be quite suppress.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If *Warwick* be so near, as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his tent? [friend.

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and* French *Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dies.

[Warwick *and the rest cry all*, Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying* arms! arms! Warwick *and the rest following them.*

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter

Enter Warwick, Somerſet, *and the reſt, bringing the King out in a gown, ſitting in a chair*; Glo'ſter *and* Haſtings *flying over the Stage.*

Som. What are they, that fly there?

War. Richard and *Haſtings*; let them go, here is The Duke.

K. *Edw.* The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted, Thou call'dſt me King?

War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my ambaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas, how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to uſe Ambaſſadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to uſe your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare,
Nor how to ſhroud yourſelf from enemies?

K. *Edw.* Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I ſee, that *Edward* needs muſt down.
Yet, *Warwick*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himſelf as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
My mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be *Edward England*'s King: [*Takes off his Crown.*
But *Henry* now ſhall wear the *Engliſh* crown,
And be true King, indeed; thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of *Somerſet*, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbiſhop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady *Bona* ſent to him:
Now for a while farewel, good Duke of *York*.

K. *Edw.* What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.

[*Ex. King* Edward *led out forceably.*

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our ſoldiers?
War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do;
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Rivers, *and the* Queen.

Riv. MAdam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Queen. Why brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befaln King *Edward*?
Riv. What! loſs of ſome pitcht battle againſt *Warwick*?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my Sovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner.
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to underſtand,
Is now committed to the Biſhop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick*'s brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of *Edward*'s off-ſpring in my womb:
This is't, that makes me bridle in my paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Leſt with my ſighs, or tears, I blaſt or drown
King *Edward*'s fruit, true heir to th' *Engliſh* crown.
Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?
Queen. I am informed that he comes towards *London*,
To ſet the crown once more on *Henry*'s head:
Gueſs thou the reſt, King *Edward*'s friends muſt down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him, that once hath broken faith;)
I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,

To

To ſave at leaſt the heir of *Edward*'s right,
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Park near *Middleham* Caſtle in *Yorkſhire.*

Enter Glouceſter, *Lord* Haſtings, *and Sir* William Stanley.

Glo. NOW, my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefeſt thicket of the Park.
Thus ſtands the caſe; you know, our King, my brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop, at whoſe hands,
He hath good uſage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
I have advertis'd him by ſecret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his uſual game;
He ſhall here find his friends with horſe and men,
To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, *and a Huntſman with him.*

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.
K. *Edw.* Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.
Now, brother *Glo'ſter*, *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteal the Biſhop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the park-corner.
K. *Edw.* But whither ſhall we then?
Haſt. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ſhip from thence to *Flanders*.
Glo. Well gueſt, believe me, for that was my meaning.
K. *Edw.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardneſs.
Glo. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. *Edw.* Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.
K. *Edw.* Biſhop, farewel; ſhield thee from *Warwick*'s frown;
And pray, that I may repoſſeſs the crown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Tower in *London.*

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerſet, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *and Lieutenant of the* Tower.

K. *Henry.* MR. Lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have ſhaken *Edward* from the regal ſeat,
And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lie. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* For what, Lieutenant? for well uſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs;
For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure:
Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At laſt, by notes of houſhold harmony,
They quite forget their loſs of liberty.
But *Warwick*, after God, thou ſett'ſt me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:
He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer fortune's ſpight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this bleſſed land
May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
I here reſign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
By ſpying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the ſtars;
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,

For

For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be bleſt in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

War. And I chuſe *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. *Henry.* *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
That no diſſention hinder government.
I make you both Protectors of this land,
While I myſelf will lead a private life;
And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke and my Creator's praiſe.

War. What anſwers *Clarence* to his Sov'reign's will?

Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwick* yield conſent;
For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.

War. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henry*'s body, and ſupply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;
And all his lands and goods confiſcated.

Clar. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.

K. *Henry.* But with the firſt of all our chief affairs,
Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my ſon *Edward*
Be ſent for, to return from *France* with ſpeed.
For till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It ſhall be done, my Sov'reign, with all ſpeed.

K. *Henry.* My Lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. *Henry.* Come hither, *England*'s hope: if ſecret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggeſt

Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts;
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?

Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unſavory news; but how made he eſcape?

Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt-ſide,
And from the Biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Somerſet, Richmond, *and* Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward*'s:
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry*'s late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worſt,
Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to *Britany*,
Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-poſſeſs the crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the reſt ſhall down.

Som. It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *York*.

Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* NOW, brother *Richard*, *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends;
And ſays, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate for *Henry*'s regal crown.
Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
And brought deſired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenſpurg*, before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made faſt! brother, I like not this.
For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. *Edw.* Tuſh! man, aboadments muſt not now affright us;
By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Haſt. My Liege, I'll knock once more to ſummon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York *and his Brethren.*

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your coming,
And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. *Edw.* But, maſter Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſs.

K. *Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom;
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his noſe,
He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow. [*Aſide.*

Haſt. Why, maſter Mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry*'s friends.

Mayor. Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd.
[*He deſcends.*

Glo. A wiſe ſtout Captain, and perſuaded ſoon!

Haſt. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,

I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reaſon.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. *Edw.* So, maſter Mayor, theſe gates muſt not be ſhut
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his Keys.
For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, *with Drum and Soldiers.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.
K. *Edw.* Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in arms?
Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.
K. *Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[The Drum begins a March.
K. *Edw.* Nay, ſtay, Sir *John*, awhile; and we'll debate,
By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our King.
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
K. *Edw.* When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make
our claim:
Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous wit, now arms muſt rule.
Glo. And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Then be it, as your will; for 'tis my right;
And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be *Edward*'s champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. [*Flourish.*

Sold. Edward *the fourth by the grace of God, King of* England *and* France, *and Lord of* Ireland, *&c.*

Mont. And whoso'er gain-says King *Edward*'s right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. *Edw.* Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all.
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York*.
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no soldier.
Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother!
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day:
And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes again to *London*.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Oxford, *and* Somerset.

War. WHat counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas;
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. *Henry.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,

Thoſe will I muſter up; and thou, ſon *Clarence*,
Shalt ſtir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leiceſterſhire*, ſhalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordſhire* ſhalt muſter up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his iſland girt with th' ocean,
Or modeſt *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)
Shall reſt in *London*, till we come to him:
Fair Lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewel, my Sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy*'s true hope.

Clar. In ſign of truth, I kiſs your Highneſs' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, ſweet Lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I reſt awhile.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordſhip?
Methinks, the pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not ſtopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great ſubſidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, theſe graces challenge grace:

And

And when the Lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaſter! *a* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter King Edward *and his Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Seize on the ſhame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the fount, that make ſmall brooks to flow;
Now ſtops thy ſpring, my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not ſpeak.

[*Exe. with King* Henry.

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The Sun ſhines hot; and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, before the Town of *Coventry*.

Enter Warwick, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *two Meſſengers and others, upon the walls.*

WARWICK.

WHere is the poſt, that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?

1 *Meſ.* By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hither-ward.

War. How far off is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the poſt, that came from *Montague*?

2 *Meſ.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant troop.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say, *Somervile*, what ſays my loving ſon?
And by thy gueſs how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somer. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somer. It is not his, my Lord: here *Southam* lies:
The drum, your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who ſhould that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somer. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter King Edward, Gloceſter, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parle.

Glo. See, how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid ſpight! is ſportful *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. *Edw.* Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought, at leaſt, he would have ſaid the King;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. *Edw.* Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick*'s gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his ſubject.

K. *Edw.* But *Warwick*'s King is *Edward*'s priſoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo.

Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the deck: (20)
You left poor *Henry* at the Biſhop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the *Tower*.
K. *Edw.* 'Tis even ſo; yet you are *Warwick* ſtill.
Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.
War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee. [friend;
K. *Edw.* Sail, how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter Oxford, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. O chearful colours! ſee, where *Oxford* comes!

(20) *But while he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,*
The King was ſlily finger'd from the deck.] Tho' there may ſeem no conſonance of metaphors betwixt a *ſingle ten* and a *deck*, the latter word being grown obſolete, and not acknowledg'd by our dictionaries in the ſenſe here required; yet *deck*, in all our *northern* counties, is to this day uſed to ſignify a *pack* or *ſtock* of *cards*.

The alluſion to *cards* every reader muſt have obſerv'd is very familiar with our author; but I'll ſubjoin a few inſtances in proof, that occur to me at preſent.

Antony and *Cleopatra*.

——She *Eros*, ſhe
Pack'd cards with *Cæſar*.

Titus Andronicus.

As ſure a *card*, as ever won the *ſet*.

Taming the *Shrew*.

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have fac'd it with a *card* of *ten*.

1 *Henry* VI.

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling *card*.

King *John*.

Have I not here the beſt *cards* for the game,
To *win* this eaſy *match play'd* for a crown?
And ſhall I now *give o'er* the yielded *ſet*?

Oxf. Oxford! Oxford! for *Lancaſter!*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. *Edw.* So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will iſſue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rouze the traitors in the ſame.
War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague! Montague! for *Lancaſter.*
Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, ſhall buy this treaſon
Ev'n with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.
K. *Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind preſageth happy gain and conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerſet! Somerſet! for *Lancaſter.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerſet,*
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of *York,*
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.

Enter Clarence, *with Drum and Colours.*

War. And, lo! where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle:
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love.
Come, *Clarence,* come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.
[*A Parley is ſounded*; Richard *and* Clarence *whiſper together*; *and then* Clarence *takes his red roſe out of his hat, and throws it at* Warwick.] (21)
Clar. Father of *Warwick,* know you, what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime theſe ſtones together,

(21) *A Parley is ſounded,* &c.] This neceſſary note of direction, which explains the matter in action, I reſtor'd from the old *Quarto.* And, without it, it is impoſſible that any reader can gueſs at the meaning of this line of *Clarence*;

Look, here I throw my infamy at thee.

And

And ſet up *Lancaſter*. Why, trow'ſt thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal inſtruments of war
Againſt his brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety,
Than *Jeptha*'s, when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
That, to deſerve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myſelf thy mortal foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul miſ-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends;
And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults;
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.

K. *E.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O paſſing traitor, perjur'd and unjuſt!

K. *E.* What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

K. *E.* Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; St. *George* and victory! [*Exeunt*

March. Warwick *and his Company follow.*

SCENE, a Field of Battle near *Barnet*.

Alarm and Excurſions. *Enter* Edward, *bringing forth* Warwick *wounded*.

K. *Edw.* So, lie you there; die thou, and die our fear;
For *Warwick* was a bug, that fear'd us all.
Now, *Montague*, ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee;
That *Warwick*'s bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the ax's edge,
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle;
Under whoſe ſhade the rampant lion ſlept,
Whoſe top branch over-peer'd *Jove*'s ſpreading tree,
And kept low ſhrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
Theſe eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, (22)
Ev'n now forſake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford *and* Somerſet.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loſs again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant power.
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'ſt thou fly!
War. Why, then I would not fly.——Ah, *Montague*,

(22) *My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,*
Ev'n now forſake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.] I won't venture to affirm, our author is imitating *Horace* here; but, ſurely, this paſſage is very much of a caſt with that which I am about to quote.

Linquenda tellus & Domus, & *plantens*
Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, Arborum
Te præter invisas Cupreſſos,
Ulla brevem Dominum ſequetur.

Lib. ii. Ode 14.

If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſp cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And ſaid, commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd; but, at laſt,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewel, *Warwick!* ——

War. Sweetly reſt his ſoul!
Fly, Lords, and ſave yourſelves; for *Warwick* bids
You all farewel, to meet again in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Field.

Flouriſh. *Enter King* Edward *in triumph; with* Glouceſter, Clarence, *and the reſt.*

K. *E.* THUS far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe powers, that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our coaſt;
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
And blow it to the ſource from whence it came.
Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up:
For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.

Glo. The Queen is valu'd thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.

N

If ſhe hath time to breathe, be well aſſur'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours,
K. *Edw.* We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe tow'rd *Tewkſbury*.
We having now the beſt at *Barnet* field,
Will thither ſtraight; for willingneſs rids way:
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the drum, cry, courage! and away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Tewkſbury*.

March. *Enter the Queen, Prince of* Wales, Somerſet, Oxford, *and Soldiers.*

Q. GReat Lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But chearly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board, (23)

(23) *What though the* maſt *be now blown overboard,*
The cable *broke, the* holding anchor *loſt,*
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the Flood?] The alluſion which the Queen purſues here, of the kingdom harraſs'd by the calamities of civil war, to a ſhip diſtreſs'd by hard weather, ſeems a cloſe copy from this fine draught of *Horace*:

Nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri ſaucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? Ac ſine funibus
Vix durare Carinæ
Poſſint imperiuſis
Æquor? Non tibi ſunt integra lintea, &c. Lib. i. Ode 14.

And what is very remarkable, this image in both poets is made on the ſame occaſion, on the *ſtorms* of *civil fury*. Only our poet very judiciouſly, as uſing it *metaphorically*, is much ſhorter than *Horace*, who uſed it *allegorically*, which requir'd its being drawn out to greater length. There have been ſome modern criticks, I know, who won't allow this *Ode* in the *Roman* poet to be an allegory on the civil wars; but only a civil invitation to a ſhatter'd ſhip that bore one of *Horace's* friends, to ſtay quietly in harbour. But we may as ſafely, I think, go along with *Quintilian*, (who muſt have been, at leaſt, as well informed in this matter) and he directly ſays, the *ſhip* is the *Roman* commonwealth. *Totuſque etiam ille* Horatii *locus, quo navim pro* republica, *fluctuum* tempeſtates *pro* bellis civilibus, portum *pro* pace *atque* concordia *dicit.* —— Inſtitut. Orator. *lib.* viii, *cap* 6. *De* Tropis.

Mr. *Warburton.*

The

The cable broke, the holding-anchor loſt;
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-ful eyes add waves to the ſea;
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much?
While in his moan the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; what of that?
And *Mountague* our top-maſt; what of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of theſe?
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
And *Somerſet* another goodly maſt?
The friends of *France* our ſhrouds and tacklings?
And though unſkilful, why not *Ned* and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to ſit and weep,
But keep our courſe (though the rough wind ſay, no,)
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack:
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?
All theſe, the enemies to our poor bark,
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while;
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold death.
This ſpeak I, Lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant ſpirit
Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:

did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
ſhould have leave to go away betimes;
l, in our need, he might infect another,
d make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
any ſuch be here, (as, God forbid!)
t him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.
Oh, brave young Prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!
Som. And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerſet*; ſweet *Oxford*, thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.
Oxf. I thought no leſs; it is his policy,
To haſte thus faſt to find us unprovided.
Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readineſs.
Queen. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King Edward, Glocester, Clarence, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Ed.* Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by the heavens aſſiſtance and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
(For, well I wot, ye blaze,) to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, Lords.
Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My tears gain-ſay; for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee, I drink the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
Is priſoner to the foe, his ſtate uſurp'd,
His realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his ſubjects ſlain,

His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this ſpoil.
You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excurſions. Both Parties go out.

Re-enter King Edward, Gloceſter, Clarence, *&c. The Queen,* Oxford, *and* Somerſet, *Priſoners.*

K. *Edw.* Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes* caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

Queen. So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem.*

K. *Edw.* Is proclamation made, that who finds *Edward*
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. *Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What! can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious *York*,
Suppoſe, that I am now my fathers mouth;
Reſign thy chair; and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would have me anſwer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Glo. That thou might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtoln the breech from *Lancaſter.*

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a winter's night,
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou misshapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*
K. *Edw.* And take thou that, to end thy agony.
Edw. *stabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
[Clar. *stabs him.*
Queen. Oh, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall.—— [*Offers to kill her.*
K. *Ed.* Hold, *Richard*, hold; for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. *E.* What? doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother;
I'll hence to *London* on a serious matter.
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The *Tower*, man, the *Tower!*—I'll root 'em out.
[*Exit.*
Queen. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned!* speak to thy mother, boy.
Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!
They, that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all;
Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man; this (in respect) a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak——
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals,
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!
You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look, in his youth to have him so cut off;
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. *Edw.*

K. *Edw.* Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, diſpatch me here:
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queen. Good *Clarence*, do; ſweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf:
'Twas ſin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? where is that devil-butcher, (24)
Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed.
Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.

K. *Edw.* Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince! [*Exit Queen.*

K. *Edw.* Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the *Tower*.

K. *Edw.* He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;
And ſee our gentle Queen how well ſhe fares;
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Tower of *London*.

Enter King Henry, *and* Gloceſter, *with the Lieutenant on* Tower *Walls*.

Glo. GOOD day, my Lord; what! at your book ſo hard?

K. *Henry.* Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good *Glo'ſter*, and good devil, were alike,

(24) —— *Where is that devil's butcher,*
Richard?] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in other terms, I think, is *kill-devil*: rare news for the *freethinkers*, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote *devil-butcher*; and the firſt part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning, *execrable, infernal, deviliſh*.

And

And both prepoſt'rous; therefore, not good Lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to ourſelves, we muſt confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. *Henry.* So flies the wreakleſs ſhepherd from the wolf,
So firſt the harmleſs flock doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.
What ſcene of death hath *Roſcius* now to act? (25)

Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.

K. *Henry.* The bird, that hath been limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſ-doubteth ev'ry buſh;
And I, the hapleſs male to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peeviſh fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. *Henry.* I, *Dedalus*; my poor boy, *Icarus*;
Thy father, *Minos* that deny'd our courſe;
The Sun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,

(25) *What ſcene of death hath* Roſcius *now to act?*] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the text here, I cannot but ſubjoin my friend's ſuſpicion of it, in his own words.—I believe, there never was a ſillier corruption than this reading; certainly introduced by ſome ſhallow-pated conceited fellow of the ſcene. For, in the firſt place, what ſimilitude between *Richard*'s murders, and *Roſcius*'s ſcenes of death? But what is ſtill worſe, *Roſcius* was a *Comedian*, and not a *Tragedian*. Were a player here to be brought in by head and ſhoulders, it ſhould have been *Æſopus*.----Roſcius *citatior*, Æſopus *gravior fuit*; *quod* ille Comœdias, *hic Tragœdias* egit; ſays *Quintilian*. And to ſhew what kind of *walk* in playing *Roſcius* was famous for, we need only cite *Tully*, in his oration in behalf of that comedian.—*Cujus perſonam* præclare Roſcius *in Scena tractare conſuevit: neque tamen pro beneficio ei* gratia *refertur. Nam* Ballionem *illum improbiſſimum, & perjuriſſimum* lenonem *cum agit, agit.* Chæream.---(By the bye, had *L' Abbé d' Aubignac* remember'd this paſſage, he need not have made it a queſtion in his *La Practique du Theatre*, whether *Plautus*'s plays were acted after his death.) Now this being premiſed, I cannot but think that we ought to read;

What ſcene of death hath Richard *now to act?*

And this not only makes good ſenſe of the line, but is infinitely more agreeable to the character of the ſpeaker, and the circumſtances he was then in. Mr. *Warburton*.

The

Thy brother *Edward*; and thyſelf, the ſea,
Whoſe envious gulph did ſwallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words;
My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my life?
Glo. Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?
K. *Henry.* A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
If murd'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.
K. *Henry.* Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
And thus I propheſy, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,
(Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands fate,
And orphans for their parents timeleſs death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckleſs tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſt ſhook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in diſmal diſcords ſung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigeſted deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head when thou waſt born,
To ſignify, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'ſt into the world with thy legs forward. (26)
Glo.

(26) *And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,*
Thou cam'ſt ——] Had our editors had but a grain of ſagacity, or due diligence, there could have been no room for this abſurd break: ſince they might have ventur'd to fill it up with certainty too. The old *quarto* would have led them part of the way,
Thou cam'ſt into the world ——
And that the verſe is to be compleated in the manner I have given it.

Glo. I'll hear no more: die prophet in thy ſpeech;
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.
K. *Henry.* Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this—
O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*
Glo. What! will th' aſpiring blood of *Lancaſter*
Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor King's death!
O, may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed,
From thoſe who wiſh the downfall of our houſe.
If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell, and ſay, I ſent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.——
Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of:
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignify'd
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then, ſince the heav'ns have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to anſwer it.
I had no father, I am like no father.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word *love*, which grey-beards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myſelf alone.——
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;

it, is inconteſtible; or funleſs we ſuppoſe King *Henry* actually reproaches him with this his prepoſterous birth, how can *Richard* in his very next ſoliloquy ſay?

Indeed, 'tis true that Henry *told me of;*
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward.

I can eaſily ſee, that this blank was caus'd by the nicety of the players, to ſuppreſs an indecent idea. But, with ſubmiſſion, this was making but half a cure, unleſs they had expung'd the repetition of it out of *Richard*'s ſpeech too.

But

But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad ſuch prophecies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his ſon, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the reſt;
Counting myſelf but bad, till I be beſt.
I'll throw thy body in another room;
And triumph, *Henry!* in the day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE, the Palace in *London.*

Enter King Edward, *Queen*, Clarence, Gloceſter, Haſtings, *Nurſe, and Attendants.*

K. *Edw.* ONce more we ſit on *England's* royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the ſon;
And two *Northumberlands*; two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound.
With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,
And made our footſtool of ſecurity.
Come hither, *Beſs*, and let me kiſs my boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine uncles and myſelf
Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;
Went all a-foot in ſummer's ſcalding heat;
That thou might'ſt re-poſſeſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave; } *Aſide.*
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute.

K. *Edw.* *Clarence* and *Glo'ſter*, love my lovely Queen;

And

And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe. [thanks.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother, (27)

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit.——
To ſay the truth, ſo *Judas* kiſs'd his maſter; } *Aſide.*
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm. }

K. *Edw.* Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her father to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jeruſalem*;
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſom.

K. *Edw.* Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*.
And now what reſts but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs, mirthful comick ſhows,
Such as befit the pleaſure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets; farewel, ſow'r annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(27) *Thanks, noble* Clarence; *worthy brother, thanks.*] This line, ever ſince the firſt edition by the players, has been given to King *Edward*; but I have, with the old *quarto*, reſtored it to the *Queen*, from whom it comes with much more propriety.

THE

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 5. P: 191. G. V.rd Gucht Sculp.

THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruiſed arms hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarms chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glaſs,—
I, that am rudely ſtampt, and want love's majeſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, ſcarce half made up;
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken propheſies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And, if King *Edward* be as true and juſt,
As I am ſubtle, falſe and treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd up;

hiſtorians and poets, in loading his character, have at the ſame time been paying their compliments to that *line*, which gave them an ELIZABETH. The miſeries and iniquities of *Civil War* were richly compenſated in ſuch a bleſſing

Jam nihil, O Superi, querimur: Scelera ipſa, Nefaſque,
Hac Mercede placent. —— Lucan.

About

About a prophecy, which ſays, that G (2)
Of *Edward*'s heirs the murderer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence *guarded, and* Brakenbury.

Brother, good-day; what means this armed guard,
That waits upon your Grace?
Clar. His Majeſty,
Tend'ring my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.
Glo. Upon what cauſe?
Clar. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Glo. Alack, my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your godfathers.
Belike, his Majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new chriſtened in the *Tower*.
But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know?
Clar. Yea, *Richard*, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after propheſies and dreams,
And from the croſs-row plucks the letter *G*;
And ſays, a wizard told him, that by *G*
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And, for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys as theſe,
Have mov'd his Highneſs to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King, that ſends you to the *Tower*;
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis ſhe,
That tempts him to this harſh extremity.

(2) *About a prophecy, which ſays, that* G
Of Edward's *heirs the murderer ſhall be.*] Theſe two lines are in all the old books whatſoever, as well as in all the modern ones that I have ſeen, except the two impreſſions by Mr. *Pope*. By what authority he has thought fit to leave them out, I don't know: If he did it, becauſe *Clarence* in the next ſcene ſays ſomething much to the ſame effect, I think, that is no reaſon for expunging them. Mr. *Pope* has, in other caſes, where he thought any thing ſuperfluous, thrown it out of the text, but then he has degraded it to the bottom of the page.

Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the *Tower?*
From whence this day he is delivered.
We are not ſafe; *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heav'n, I think, there is no man ſecure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and miſtreſs *Shore.*
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what;—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herſelf,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me;
His Majeſty hath ſtraitly giv'n in charge,
That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſoever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip, *Brakenbury!*
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man—we ſay, the King
Is wiſe and virtuous; and his noble Queen
Well ſtrook in years; fair, and not jealous——
We ſay, that *Shore*'s wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk:
How ſay you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myſelf have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with miſtreſs *Shore?*
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were beſt to do it ſecretly.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her huſband, knave—would'ſt thou betray me?

Brak. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conf'rence with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and muſt obey.
Brother, farewel; I will unto the King,
And whatſoe'er you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King *Edward*'s widow ſiſter)
I will perform it to infranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaſeth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliver you, or elſe lie for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I muſt perforce; farewel. [*Exe* Brak. Clar.

Glo. Go, tread the path, that thou ſhalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain *Clarence!*—I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Haſtings?*

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience, noble Lord, as pris'ners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my Lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Haſt. More pity, that the eagle ſhould be mew'd, (3)
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home:

(3) *More pity, that the eagle ſhould be mew'd,*
While kites and buzzards play *at liberty.*]

I have, upon the authority of the old *quarto's*, reſtored *prey*, as the moſt expreſſive and proper word. And our author again in this very play makes *Gloceſter* repeat the ſame thought, and uſe the ſame expreſſion.

——the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make *prey*, where eagles dare not perch.

The King is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his phyſicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by St. *Paul*, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Haſtings.
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With lyes well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick*'s youngeſt daughter:
What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her huſband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter the Coarſe of Henry *the Sixth, with halberds to guard it, Lady* Anne *being the Mourner.*

Anne. SET down, ſet down your honourable load,
If honour may be ſhrouded in a herſe;
Whilſt I awhile obſequiouſly lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaſter*,
Poor key-cold figure of a holy King!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter!*
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!

Be't lawful, that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon;
Stab'd by the ſelf-ſame hand, that made theſe wounds.
Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes.
Curs'd be the hand, that made theſe fatal holes!
Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young Lord and thee!
Come, now tow'rds *Chertſey* with your holy load,
Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
And ſtill, as you are weary of this weight,
Reſt you, while I lament King *Henry's* coarſe.

Enter Richard *Duke of* Gloceſter.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the coarſe, and ſet it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, ſet down the coarſe; or, by St. *Paul*,
I'll make a coarſe of him that diſobeys.
Gen. My Lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou, when I command;
Advance thy halbert higher than my breaſt,
Or, by St. *Paul*, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avant, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!

Thou hadſt but pow'r over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have; therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul dev'l! for God's ſake hence, trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
Oh, gentlemen! ſee! ſee, dead *Henry*'s wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells.
Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death;
O earth! which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death:
Or heav'n with lightning ſtrike the murd'rer dead;
Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.
Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor man;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!—
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.
Anne. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf.
Glo. By ſuch deſpair I ſhould accuſe myſelf.
Anne. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excus'd,

For

For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf;
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I ſlew them not.
Anne. Then ſay, they were not ſlain:
But dead they are; and deviliſh ſlave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your huſband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead, and ſlain by *Edward*'s hands.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'ſt. Queen *Marg'ret* ſaw
Thy Murd'rous faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didſt thou not kill this King?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then God grant me too,
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.—
Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n, that hath him.
Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou ſhalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to ſend him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber, where thou lieſt!
Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo.—But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world;
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here; why doſt thou ſpit at me? [*She ſpits at him.*
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon for thy ſake!
Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet Lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were baſiliſks to ſtrike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears;
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,
Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made;
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him:

Nor

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death,
And twenty times made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees be-daſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and promps my tongue to ſpeak.
[*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn, for it was made
For kiſſing, Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword,
Which, if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his ſword.*
Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill King *Henry*;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now diſpatch: 'twas I that ſtabb'd young *Edward*;
But 'twas thy heav'nly face that ſet me on.
[*She falls the Sword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.
Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler; though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.

Glo.

Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.
Glo. Say then, my peace is made.
Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.
Look, how my ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Ev'n ſo thy breaſt incloſeth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſuppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him, that hath more cauſe to be a mourner;
And preſently repair to *Croſby*-place: (4)
Where, after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey* monaſt'ry this noble King,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty ſee you,
For divers unknown reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Traſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewel.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have ſaid farewel already. [*Exe. two with* Anne.
Glo. Sirs, take up the coarſe.
Gent. Towards *Chertſey*, noble Lord?
Glo. No, to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt with the coarſe.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

(4) —— *repair to* Croſby-*place.*] This was a houſe of *Richard* Duke of *Gloceſter* near *Biſhop's-gate* ſtreet. It was formerly, I preſume, a part of the eſtate of Sir *John Croſbie*, (a Lord Mayor of *London*) who, in the year 1477, was buried at St. *Helen's* in *Biſhop's-gate ſtreet*, and left the bulk of his effects to publick benefactions.

Was

Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her——but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father!
To take her in her heart's extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by:
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil and diſſembling looks:
And yet to win her——All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, ſome three months ſince,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewkſbury*?
A ſweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wiſe, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:——
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed?
On me, whoſe all not equals *Edward*'s moiety?
On me, that halt, and am miſ-ſhapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs,
And entertain a ſcore or two of tailors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair ſun, till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, *and Lord* Gray.

Riv. HAVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt, his Majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe;
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.
Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
Queen. The loſs of ſuch a Lord includes all harms.
Gray. The heav'ns have bleſt you with a goodly ſon,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the truſt of *Richard Glo'ſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he ſhall be Protector?
Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham *and* Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*. (5)
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!
Stan. God make your Majeſty joyful as you have been!
Queen. The Counteſs *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,
To your good pray'r will ſcarcely ſay, amen;

(5) *Here come the Lords of* Buckingham *and* Derby.] This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run thro' the whole chain of impreſſions. It could not well be original in *Shakeſpeare*, who was moſt minutely intimate with his hiſtory and the intermarriages of the nobility. The perſon, here called *Derby*, was *Thomas* Lord *Stanley*, Lord Steward of King *Edward* the IVth's houſhold. He had married *Margaret* daughter of *John* Duke of *Somerſet*, and widow of *Edmund* Earl of *Richmond*, by whom ſhe had *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*, afterwards King *Henry* VIIth. But this *Thomas* Lord *Stanley* was not created Earl of *Derby* till after the acceſſion of that Prince; and, accordingly, afterwards in the fourth or fifth *Acts* of this Play, before the battle of *Boſworth-field*, he is every where call'd Lord *Stanley*. This ſufficiently juſtifies the change I have made in his title.

Yet,

Yet, *Stanley*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stanley. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers:
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.
Queen. Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of *Stanley*?
Stanley. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with him?
Buck. Madam we did; he ſeeks to make atonement
Between the Duke of *Glo'ſter* and your brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them to his royal preſence.
Queen. Would all were well—but that will never be—
I fear, our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the King,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with *French* nods, and apiſh courteſy,
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating *Jacks*?
Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor grace:
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! his royal perſon,
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh,

Cannot

Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Queen. Brother of *Glo'ſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his own royal diſpoſition,
And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe,
(Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews itſelf
Againſt my children, brothers, and myſelf;)
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground
Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a *Jack*.
Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother *Glo'ſter*.
You envy my advancement and my friends:
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of you.
Our brother is impriſoned by your means;
Myſelf diſgrac'd; and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe,
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.
Queen. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe wild ſuſpects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the cauſe
Of my Lord *Haſtings'* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may, my Lord, for——
Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*—why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may—ay, marry, may ſhe—

Riv.

Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?
Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a King,
A batchelor, a handſom ſtripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worſer match.—
Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majeſty,
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great Queen with this condition;
To be thus taunted, ſcorn'd and baited at.
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat is due to me. [thee!
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and ſpare not: Look, what I have ſaid, (6)
I will avouch in preſence of the King:
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains are quite forgot.
Q. *Mar.* Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my huſband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor ſon, at *Tewkſbury*.
Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your huſband King,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I ſpilt mine own.
Q. *Mar.* Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your huſband *Gray*
Were factious for the houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And, *Rivers*, ſo were you;—was not your huſband,
In *Marg'ret*'s battle, at St. *Albans* ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;

(6) *Tell him, and ſpare not: Look, what I have ſaid,*] This verſe, which was at firſt left out by the players in their impreſſion (in which the modern editors have follow'd them) I have reſtor'd from the old *quarto*'s; and, indeed, without it, the verſe, which immediately follows, is hardly ſenſe.

Withal,

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forſake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf, (which, Jeſu, pardon!—)
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—
Glo. To fight on *Edward*'s party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward*'s;
Or *Edward*'s ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ſter*, in thoſe buſy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.
Glo. If I ſhould be!—I had rather be a pedlar;
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this country's King;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels.
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
A huſband and a ſon thou ow'ſt to me; [*To* Glo.
And thou, a kingdom; all of you, allegiance;
[*To the Queen.*
The ſorrow, that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleaſures, you uſurp, are mine.
Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,

When

When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty *Rutland*;——
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd a-gainſt thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. *Mar.* So juſt is God, to right the innocent.

Haſt. O, 'twas the foulеſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept, when it was reported.

Dorſ. No man but propheſy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.

Q. *Mar.* What! were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread curſe prevail ſo much with heav'n,
That *Henry*'s death, my lovely *Edward*'s death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woeful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes!
If not by war, by ſurfeit die your King,
As ours by murder to make him a King!
Edward thy ſon, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our ſon, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!
Long may'ſt thou live to wail thy children's loſs,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England*'s Queen!
Rivers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders-by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo.

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. *Mar.* And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
f heav'ns have any grievous plague in ſtore,
xceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
), let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe;
nd then hurl down their indignation
)n thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
'he worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul;
'hy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
nd take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends:
To ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
ffrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
'hou elviſh-markt abortive, rooting hog!
'hou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity
'he ſlave of nature, and the ſon of hell! (7)
'hou ſlander of thy heavy mother's womb!
'hou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
'hou rag of honour, thou deteſted——
Glo. Margaret.——
Q. *Mar. Richard.*——
Glo. Ha?——
Q. *Mar.* I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for, I did think,
'hat thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q. *Mar.* Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
)h, let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*

(7) *The* ſlave *of nature,*—] It was ſuggeſted to me, that, probably, ıe author might have wrote
The ſhame *of nature,*——
ut, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly obſerv'd to me, the firſt is a moſt eautiful and ſatirical expreſſion. For, as it was cuſtomary formerly or maſters to brand their ſlaves, eſpecially their fugitive ſlaves, both s a puniſhment, and as a mark to aſcertain the ownerſhip; ſo, hen any perſon is born ill-ſhap'd, 'tis uſually ſaid, nature has igmatiz'd him, or ſet a mark upon him that men may beware of is ill conditions. It is the old rule in phyſiognomy, and we do not want living proofs of its being well-grounded, that
Diſtortum Vultum *ſequitur Diſtortio* Morum.

Queen.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.

Q. *Mar.* Poor painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune!
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottl'd ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Haſt. Falſe-boading woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. *Mar.* Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. *Mar.* To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my ſubjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

Q. *Mar.* Peace, maſter Marquiſs, you are malapert;
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!
They, that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiſs.

Dorſ. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born ſo high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

Q. *Mar.* And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's neſt;
O God, that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, ſo be it loſt!

Buck. Peace, peace for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. *Mar.* Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,

And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. *Mar.* O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kiſs thy hand.
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe, that breathe them in the air.
Q. *Mar.* I'll not believe, but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their marks upon him;
And all their miniſters attend on him
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham?*
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious Lord.
Q. *Mar.* What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the devil, that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day;
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow;
And ſay, poor *Marg'ret* was a propheteſs.
Live each of you the ſubject to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*
Buck. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine: I wonder, ſhe's at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Dorſ. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcathe to us.

Glo.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curſt now, I had curſt myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.
Queen. Cateſby, we come; Lords, will you go with us?
Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Gloceſter.
Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs, that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls,
Namely to *Stanley*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That ſtir the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Gray*.
But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy writ,
And ſeem a ſaint, when moſt I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.
How now my handy, ſtout, reſolved mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this deed?
1 *Vil.* We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Croſby*-place.
But, Sirs, be ſudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
Vil. Fear not, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools eyes drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your buſineſs; go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your Grace ſo heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have paſt a miſerable night,
So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams,
That, as I am a chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of diſmal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the *Tower*;
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ſter*;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of *York* and *Lancaſter*,
That had befal'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that *Glo'ſter* ſtumbled; and in falling
Struck me (that ſought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wracks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and in thoſe holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthned after life.
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
I paſt, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man, which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who cry'd aloud—What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by *Tewkſbury*;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in hell.
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, Lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah! *Brakenbury*, I have done thoſe things,
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
For *Edward*'s ſake; and, ſee, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife, and my poor children!

I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Brak. I will, my Lord; God give your Grace good reſt!
Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours, [*Aſide.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou? how cam'ſt thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him ſee our commiſſion, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads*] I am in this commanded, to deliver
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. [*Exit.*

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wiſdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.*

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ſter*, and tell him ſo.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conſcience now;

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ſter*'s purſe.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-fac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom: it fills one full of obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turn'd out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 *Vil.* I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the coſtard, with the hilt of thy ſword; and then throw him into the malmſey-but, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a ſop of him.
1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I ſtrike?
2 *Vil.* No, we'll reaſon with him.
Clar. Where art thou, keeper, give me a cup of wine.
2 *Vil.* You ſhall have wine enough, my Lord, anon.
Clar. In God's name, what art thou?
1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I am, royal.
1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak?
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?
Both. To, to, to——
Clar. To murder me?
Both. Ay, ay.
Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.
Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To ſlay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,
To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.
1 *Vil* What we will do, we do upon command.
2 *Vil.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.
Clar. Erroneous vaſſals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take

Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 *Vil.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too:
Thou didſt receive the ſacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the houſe of *Lancaſter.*
1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy Sovereign's ſon.
2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert ſworn to cheriſh and defend.
1 *Vil.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?
Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murder me for this:
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect, nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.
1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*,
That princely novice, was ſtruck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again, (8)

And

(8) *If you are bir'd for* need,---] I have choſe to reſtore the word, which poſſeſſes all the old copies, *meed*; and as I have elſewhere obſerv'd in theſe notes, it ſignifies, with our author, both *merit* and the *reward* of *merit*. One of the murderers at the cloſe of this ſcene ſays:

And when I have my *meed*, I muſt away.

And *Glo'ſter* ſays before in this act;

And for his *meed*, poor Lord, he is mew'd up.

In both which places it ſignifies *reward*. I'll now ſubjoin a paſſage or two, in which it means *merit*.

And I will ſend you to my brother *Glo'ſter*,
Who will reward you better for my life
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ſter* hates you.
Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, ſo we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father *York*
Bleſt his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid *Glo'ſter* think on this, and he will weep.
1 Vil. Ay, mill ſtones; as he leſſon'd us to weep.
Clar. O do not ſlander him, for he is kind.
1 Vil. As ſnow in harveſt:—you deceive yourſelf;
'Tis he, that ſends us to deſtroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,
And hug'd me in his arms, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
1 Vil. Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heav'n.
2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my Lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own ſouls ſo blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, conſider, they, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2 Vil. What ſhall we do?
Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murderers, as yourſelves, came to you,

3 *Henry* VI.
Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.
And, again;
That's not my fear, my *meed* hath got me fame.
And, *Timon* of *Athens*;
——no *meed*, but he repays
Sev'nfold above itſelf.

Would

Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my diſtreſs.——
1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what beggar pities not?
2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my Lord.
1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-but within. [*Exit.*
2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and deſp'rately diſpatch'd:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firſt Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heav'n, the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you've been.
2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me, that the Duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*
1 *Vil.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And, when I have my meed, I muſt away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, The Court.

Enter King Edward *ſick, the Queen,* Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Cateſby, Buckingham, *and* Woodvil.

King EDWARD.

WHY, ſo; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.
And now in peace my ſoul ſhall part to heav'n,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth;
Haſtings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred; ſwear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. *Edw.* Take heed, you dally not before your King;
Leſt he, that is the ſupreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart!

K. *Edw.* Madam, yourſelf is not exempt from this;
Nor your ſon *Dorſet*; *Buckingham*, nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Haſtings*;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; ſo thrive I and mine!

K. *Edw.* *Dorſet*, embrace him: *Haſtings*, love Lord Marquiſs.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt,
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.

Haſt.

Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.

K. *Edw.* Now, princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love
[*To the Queen.*
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!—
When I have moſt need to employ a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*

K. *Edw.* A pleaſing cordial, princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ſter* here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloceſter, *with* Ratcliff.

Glo. Good-morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen;
And, princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. *Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed Peers.

Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt Sovereign Liege:
Among this princely heap, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly
Have ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love.
Firſt, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice:
Of you, my noble couſin *Buckingham*,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:
Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers*, and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me:
Of you, Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales*, of you;
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that *Engliſhman* alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day ſhall this be kept hereafter;
I would to God, all ſtrifes were well compounded!
My Sove eign Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſs
To take our brother *Clarence* to your grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal preſence?
Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?
[*They all ſtart.*
You do him injury to ſcorn his coarſe.

K. *Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Queen. All-ſeeing Heaven, what a world is this?

Buck. Look I ſo pale, Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?

Dor. Ay, my good Lord; and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.

K. *Edw.* Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your firſt order died,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
That came too lag to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſs noble, and leſs loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerve no worſe than wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpicion!

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my ſervice done.

K. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow.

Stanl. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.

K. *Edw.* Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ts.

Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to day a riotous gentleman,

Lately

Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. *Edw.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be adviſ'd?
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at *Tewkſbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcued me?
And ſaid, dear brother, live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Ev'n in his garments, and did give himſelf
All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting vaſſals
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer;
You ſtrait are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I, ungracious, ſpake unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul. The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life:
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come, *Haſtings*, help me to my cloſet. Ah!
Poor *Clarence!* [*Exeunt ſome with the King and Queen.*

Glo. Theſe are the fruits of raſhneſs: mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
To comfort *Edward* with our company? [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the Dutcheſs of York, *with the two children of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence!* my unhappy ſon!

Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty couſins, you miſtake me both.
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loth to loſe him; not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead:
The King mine uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earneſt prayers.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love you
Incapable and ſhallow innocents! [well.
You cannot gueſs, who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle *Glo'ſter*
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kiſt my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers *and* Dorſet *after her.*

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?

I'll

I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy——
Dutch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?
Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.
Edward, my Lord, thy ſon, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the King's;
Or, like obedient ſubjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual reſt.
Dutch. Ah! ſo much int'reſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title to thy noble huſband;
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother;
And haſt the comfort of thy children leſt:
But death hath ſnatch'd my huſband from mine arms,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!
Son. Ay, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewiſe be unwept!
Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear Lord *Edward!*
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord *Clarence!*
Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence!*
Queen. What ſtay had I, but *Edward?* and he's gone.
Chil. What ſtay had we, but *Clarence?* and he's gone.

Dutch.

Dutch. What ſtays had I but they? and they are gone.
Queen. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.
Chil. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.
Dutch. Was never mother, had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe babes for *Clarence* weep, and ſo do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt
Pour all your tears; I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,
That with unthankfulneſs you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your ſon; ſend ſtrait for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſp'rate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s throne.

Enter Gloceſter, Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *and* Ratcliff.

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not ſee you.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.
Dutch. God bleſs thee, and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man.—
That is the butt end of a mother's bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-ſorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

Now

Now chear each other in each other's love;
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancor of your high-ſwol'n hearts,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetch'd (9)
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with ſome little train, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, leſt by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact, is firm and true in me.

Riv. And ſo in me; and ſo, I think, in all.
Yet ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine,
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſt to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my ſiſter, will you go,
To give your cenſures in this weighty buſineſs?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Buckingham *and* Gloceſter.

(9) *Forthwith from* Ludlow *the young Prince be fetch'd,*] *Edward*, the young Prince, in his father's life time and at his demiſe, kept his houſehold at *Ludlow* as Prince of *Wales*; under the governance of *Antony Woodvil* Earl of *Rivers*, his uncle by the mother's ſide. The intention of his being ſent thither was to ſee juſtice done in the *Marches*; and, by the authority of his preſence, to reſtrain the *Welſhmen*, who were wild, diſſolute, and ill-diſpoſed, from their accuſtom'd murders and outrages. *Vid.* Hall, Holingſhead, *&c.*

Buck.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake, let not us two ſtay at home;
For by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.
Glo. My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear couſin, (10)
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not ſtay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* GOOD-morrow, neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?
2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I hardly know myſelf:
Hear you the news abroad?
1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r Lady; ſeldom comes a better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good-morrow, Sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward*'s death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his ſon ſhall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:
Which in his non-age, counſel under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt, ſhall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So ſtood the ſtate, when *Henry* the ſixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God wot;

(10) *My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,*
My oracle, my prophet, my dear couſin!] I have alter'd the pointing of this paſſage, by the direction of my ingenious friend Mr. *Warburton*: becauſe, by this new regulation, a ſtrange and ridiculous *Anticlimax* is prevented.

For

For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave counſel; then the King
Had virtuous uncles to protect his Grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ſter*;
And the Queen's ſons and brothers haughty, proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon almoſt with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, ſtill is it ſo;
By a divine inſtinct men's minds miſtruſt
Enſuing danger; as by proof we ſee,
The waters ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.
3 *Cit.* And ſo was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Court.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *the Queen, and the Dutcheſs of* York.

Arch. I Heard, they lay the laſt night at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-Stratford* they do reſt to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dutch. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince;
I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Queen. But I hear not; they ſay, my ſon of *York*
Has

Has almoſt overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dutch. Why, my young couſin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ſter*,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flow'rs are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.
Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him, that did object the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing, when he was young;
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
York. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.
Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have giv'n my uncle's grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.
Dutch. How, my young *York?* I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.
Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurſe.
Dutch. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.
York. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Queen. A parlous boy—go to, you are too ſhrewd.
Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.
Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Here comes a meſſenger: what news?
Meſ. Such news, my Lord, as grieves me to report.
Queen. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well, Madam, and in health.
Dutch. What is thy news?
Meſ. Lord *Rivers* and Lord *Grey* are ſent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, priſoners.

Dutch.

Dutch. Who hath committed them;
Meſ. The mighty Dukes,
Glo'ſter and *Buckingham.*
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lady.
Queen. Ah me! I ſee the ruin of my houſe;
The tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind.
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs throne;
Welcome, deſtruction, blood and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.
Dutch. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs.
And being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves the conquerors
Make war upon themſelves, blood againſt blood,
Self againſt ſelf; O moſt prepoſterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more. (11)
Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary.
Madam, farewel.
Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.
Queen. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady, go,

(11) *Or let me die, to look on* Earth *no more.*] This is the reading of all the copies, from the firſt edition, put out by the *players*, downwards. But the old *Dutcheſs* had no antipathy to the world, or looking upon the earth in general: Her complaints are reſtrain'd to the calamitous days ſhe had ſeen, the miſeries and ſlaughters of civil wars at home: during the proceſs of which ſhe had been witneſs to ſo many murders, ſuch havock and deſtruction; that ſhe very reaſonably wiſhes, that ſuch outrage may ceaſe, or that ſhe may not live to behold any more friends maſſacred. I have therefore reſtor'd the reading of the old *Quarto* in 1597 (which is copied by all the other authentick *Quarto's*); by which the thought is finely and properly improv'd.

Or let me die, *to look on* death *no more.*

And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep; and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, in *London.*

The Trumpets ſound. Enter Prince of Wales, *the Dukes of* Glouceſter *and* Buckingham, *Archbiſhop, with others.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WElcome, ſweet Prince, to *London*, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear couſin, my thought's Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle, but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſom and heavy.
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe uncles, which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bleſs your Grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought, my mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.

Fie,

Fie, what a ſlug is *Haſtings?* that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken ſanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Perſuade the Queen to ſend the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lord *Haſtings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if ſhe be
Obdurate to intreaties, God forbid,
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of ſanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.
Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate my Lord;
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the groſſneſs of this age,
You break not ſanctuary, in ſeizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place;
And thoſe, who have the wit to claim the place;
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there:
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary-men,
But ſanctuary-children ne'er till now.
Arch. My Lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?
Haſt. I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and* Haſtings.

Prince.

Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.
Say, uncle *Glo'ſter*, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf:
If I may counſel you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the *Tower*:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place;
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively, from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſter'd,
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What ſay you, uncle?

Glo. I ſay, without characters fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. (12) } *Aſide.*
Prince.

(12) *Thus like the formal* vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.] All the editions agree in this reading, without the leaſt variation; and therefore I have not ventured to diſturb the text. But as the paſſage has been moſt ingeniouſly attempted, it is incumbent on me to give the conjecture a place; after which, I will ſee how far the preſent reading may be defended and accounted for; and then ſubmit both to publick judgment. To begin with the anonymous corrector; —— "*Richard*, having "gloſs'd over a villainous meaning with an equivocal expreſſion, "makes his reflection upon it. But, I believe, neither the attribute "given to *iniquity* of *moralizing*, nor the epithet of a *formal* vice, "are very intelligible; ſure, they make the ſenſe of the two lines "altogether incomprehenſible. Thoſe, who attend to the *ſpeaker*'s "character, and are acquainted with ancient literature, will agree "with me that the lines ſhould be read thus:

Thus, like the formal wiſe antiquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

"Alluding to the *mythologic* learning of the *ancients*, which explain'd "the

Prince. That *Julius Cæſar* was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit ſet down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my couſin *Buckingham.*

" the *fables* of their *gods* by *moral verities*; a ſentiment wonderfully " well adapted to the character of *Richard*, who muſt be ſuppos'd " here to ſpeak ironically and to this effect. *You men of morals, who* " *ſo much extol your* formal wiſe antiquity, *in what am I inferior to it,* " *which was but an equivocater as I am, and could* moralize two " meanings in one word?"

I come now to the explanation of the text, as it is exhibited in the printed copies. By *vice*, perhaps the author may mean not a *quality* but a *perſon*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a drole character, a jeſter; (who was to play upon, and work, the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of *vice*. *A* vice *in a play*, badin, mime; *to play the* vice, badiner; mime, *a* vice, *fool, jeſter*, &c. *in a play*; ſays *Cotgrave*. Mimo, (mimus) *a jeſter, a* vice; ſays *Minſhew* in his *Spaniſh* dictionary. If it be worth the while to ſpend a word or two upon derivation, we are told, this *vice* comes from the *Saxon* word Ieck, which comes from the *Greek* εἰκαῖος, *vanus, fatuus*. I confeſs, I think, we may go a nearer way to work. This *vice*, in my mind, comes from the *Greek* original: for, adding the *Æolic digamma* to εἰκαῖος, (ſcil. Ϝεικαῖος) and then throwing out the termination, *vice* is very nearly produced. But to paſs over from *etimology*. This *buffoon* was at firſt accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which, (like another harlequin) he was to make ſport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the conſtant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilſt ſpirits, and witchcraft, and exorciſing held their own. When the *reformation* took place, the ſtage ſhook off ſome groſſities, and encreas'd in refinements. The maſter-devil then was ſoon diſmiſſed from the ſcene; and this buffoon was chang'd into a ſubordinate fiend, whoſe buſineſs was to range on earth, and ſeduce poor mortals into that perſonated vicious quality, which he occaſionally ſupported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocriſy, uſury, vanity, prodigality, gluttony*, &c. Now as the fiend, (or *vice*,) who perſonated iniquity (or hypocriſy, for inſtance,) could never hope to play his game to the purpoſe but by hiding his cloven foot, and aſſuming a ſemblance quite different from his real character; he muſt certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize*, and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly oppoſite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the paſſage in queſtion, 'tis all that I can at preſent ſuggeſt upon it.——*Sub judice lis eſt:* I relinquiſh it to more able judgments.

Buck.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in *France* again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a King.
Glo. Short ſummer lightly has a forward ſpring.

Enter York, Haſtings, *and Archbiſhop.*

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of *York.*
Prince. Richard of *York*, how fares our noble brother?
York. Well, my dread Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Majeſty.
Glo. How fares our couſin, noble Lord of *York?*
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my Lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.
York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinſman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give,
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.
York. A greater gift? O, that's the ſword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.
York. O, then I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar *nay.*
Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of *York* will ſtill be croſs in talk:

Uncle,

Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Becauſe that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks, that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf;
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.
Glo. My Lord, will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin *Buckingham*
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.
York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it ſo.
York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the *Tower*.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghoſt:
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.
[*Exeunt Prince*, York, Haſtings *and* Dorſet.

Manent Gloceſter, Buckingham *and* Cateſby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them reſt: come, *Cateſby*, thou art ſworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way;
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſy matter
To make Lord *William Haſtings* of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke

In the ſeat royal of this famous iſle?

Cateſ. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.

Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley?* will not he?

Cateſ. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle *Cateſby*,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe;
And ſummon him to-morrow to the *Tower*,
To ſit about the coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Cateſby*,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at *Pomfret*-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs *Shore* one gentle kiſs the more.

Buck. Good *Cateſby*, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cateſ. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Cateſby*, ere we ſleep?

Cateſ. You ſhall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Croſby*-place, there you ſhall find us both.
[*Exit* Cateſby.

Buck. My Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive,
Lord *Haſtings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; ſomewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, ſtood poſſeſt.

Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.
Come, let us ſup betimes; that, afterwards,
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, before Lord *Haſtings*'s Houſe.

Enter a Meſſenger to the door of Haſtings.

Meſ. MY Lord, my Lord,—

Haſt. [*within.*] Who knocks?

Meſ. One from Lord *Stanley*.

Haſt. What is't o' clock?

Meſ. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleep theſe tedious nights?

Meſ. So it appears, by what I have to ſay:
Firſt, he commends him to your noble ſelf.

Haſt. What then?

Meſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had raiſed off his helm:
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhip's pleaſure,
If you will preſently take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him tow'rds the north;
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.

Haſt. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils:
His Honour, and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend *Cateſby*;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence:
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance;
And for his dreams, I wonder, he's ſo fond
To truſt the mock'ry of unquiet ſlumbers.
To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us;
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will uſe us kindly.

Meſ. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good-morrows to my noble Lord!

Hast. Good-morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess, that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on *Richard*'s side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided?
Haſt. My Lord, good-morrow; and, good-morrow, [*Catesby*;
Stan. My Lord, good-morrow; and, good-morrow;
You may jeſt on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like theſe ſeveral councils, I.
Haſt. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours,
And never in my days, I do proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd, their ſtates were ſure;
And they, indeed, had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancor I miſdoubt;
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we tow'rd the *Tower?* the day is ſpent.
Haſt. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what, my Lord?
To-day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[*Exeunt Lord* Stanley *and* Cateſby.
Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?
Purſ. The better, that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.
Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet;
Then was I going priſoner to the *Tower*,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf,)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death;
And I in better ſtate, than e'er I was.
Purſ. God hold it to your Honour's good content!
Haſt. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purſe.*

Purſ. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Purſuivant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to ſee your Honour.

Haſt. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart, I'm in your debt for your laſt exerciſe; Come the next ſabbath, and I will content you. [*He whiſpers.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a prieſt, Lord Chamberlain? Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the prieſt, Your Honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.

Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man, The men, you talk of, came into my mind. What, go you tow'rd the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I ſhall not ſtay: I ſhall return before your Lordſhip thence.

Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.

Buck. And ſupper too, altho' thou know'ſt it not. [*Aſide.* Come, will you go?

Haſt. I'll wait upon your Lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Pomfret*-Caſtle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, *with halberds, carrying Lord* Rivers, *Lord* Richard Gray, *and Sir* Thomas Vaughan *to Death.*

Rat. COme, bring forth the priſoners.

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this. To-day ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of you, A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Vaugh. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out. (13)

Riv.

(13) Vaugh. *You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.*
Rat. *Diſpatch; the limit of your lives is out.*] Theſe two lines Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to ſuppreſs in his editions, for what reaſon I can't pretend to ſay; tho' they have the authority both of the old

folio

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret!* O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers!
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls
Richard the ſecond, here, was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs blood to drink.
Gray. Now *Marg'ret*'s curſe is fall'n upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on *Haſtings*, you, and I, (14)
For ſtanding by when *Richard* ſtab'd her ſon.
Riv. Then curs'd ſhe *Richard*, curs'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Haſtings*. O remember, God!
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my ſiſter and her princely ſons,
Be ſatisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood;
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is now expir'd.
Riv. Come, *Gray*; come, *Vaughan*; let us all embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, The Tower.

Buckingham, Stanley, Haſtings, *Biſhop of* Ely, Cateſby, Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

Haſt. NOW, noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:
In God's name ſpeak, when is the royal day?
Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?
Stanl. They are, and want but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

folio's, and are likewiſe in Mr. *Rowe*, whom he ſeems generally to follow. Without them, I would obſerve, that Sir *Thomas Vaughan* is introduced, and led off to die, without a ſingle ſyllable ſpoken by him.

(14) *When ſhe exclaim'd on* Haſtings, *you, and I,*] This verſe is likewiſe tacitly ſuppreſs'd by Mr. *Pope*, tho' it has the ſame authorities as the former.

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.

Haſt. I thank his Grace, I know, he loves me well;
But for his purpoſe in the coronation,
I have not ſounded him; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I preſume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloceſter.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.

Glo. My noble Lords and couſins all, good-morrow;
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign;
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord *Haſtings* had pronounc'd your part;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Haſtings* no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holborn*,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there;
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.

Glo. Couſin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Cateſby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſs,
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's ſon, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of *England*'s throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exe.* Glo. *and* Buck.

Stanl. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph:
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord the Duke of *Gloceſter?*
I have ſent for theſe ſtrawberries. [morning;
Haſt. His Grace looks chearfully and ſmooth this
There's ſome conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good-morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in chriſtendom (15)
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtrait ſhall you know his heart.
Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhew'd to-day?
Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloceſter *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their helliſh charms.
Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this princely preſence,
To doom th' offenders, whoſoe'er they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil;
Look, how I am bewitch'd; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edward*'s wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this deed, my noble Lord,—
Glo. If? thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs? thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head—now, by St. *Paul* I ſwear,

(15) *I think, there's ne'er a man in chriſtendom*
Can leſſer hide *his* love, *or* hate, *than he;*
For by his face *ſtrait ſhall you know his* heart.] The character here given of *Richard*, (tho' very falſly) exactly tallies with a fragment from one of *Ennius*'s tragedies, quoted by *Nonius Marcellus*.
——*Eo Ego* ingenio
—*Natus ſum*, Amicitiam *atque* Inimicitiam *in* frontem promptamgero.

I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.
Lovel, and *Cateſby*,—look, that it be done: (16)
The reſt, that love me, riſe and follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Lovel *and* Cateſby, *with the Lord* Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raiſe our helms;
But I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to fly;
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he look'd upon the *Tower*;
As loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O, now I need the prieſt that ſpake to me:
I now repent, I told the purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſtings'* wretched head. [dinner.

Cateſ. Come, come, diſpatch; the Duke would be at
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.

Haſt. Oh, bloody *Richard!* miſerable *England!*
I propheſy the fearful'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

(16) Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *look that it be done.*] There are two things to be obſerv'd, which will warrant the variation I have made upon this paſſage. The ſcene is here in the *Tower*: and Lord *Haſtings* was cut off on that very day, when *Rivers*, *Gray* and *Vaughan* ſuffer'd at *Pomfret*. How then could *Ratcliff* at the ſame inſtant be both in *Yorkſhire* and the *Tower*? In the very ſcene preceding this, we find him conducting thoſe gentlemen to the block. The players in their edition firſt made the blunder, as to *Ratcliff* attending Lord *Haſtings* to death: for, in the old *quarto*, we find it rightly;——*Exeunt*: *Manet* Cateſby *with* Haſtings.

Come,

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Tower*-walls.

Enter Glocester *and* Buckingham *in ruſty armour, marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. COme, couſin, canſt thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word;
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide;
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion; ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my ſtratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. Cateſby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel *and* Cateſby *with* Haſtings's *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Cateſby* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep:
I took him for the plaineſt, harmleſs creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a chriſtian:
Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts;
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhew of virtue,

That

That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean, his converſation with *Shore's* wife)
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor—
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
(Were't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it) that the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-houſe,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Glo'ſter.*

Mayor. What? had he ſo?

Glo. What! think you, we are *Turks* or infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly to the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of *England*, and our perſon's ſafety
Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs *Shore.*

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your Lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meaning, hath prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak; and tim'rouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's word ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T' avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſs, what, you hear, we did intend:

And

And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewel.

[*Exit Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, couſin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all poſt:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a citizen,
Only for ſaying he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which by the ſign thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My princely father then had wars in *France*;
And by juſt computation of the time,
Found that the iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf; and ſo, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard*'s caſtle,
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o' clock
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit* Buck.

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all ſpeed to doctor *Shaw*.
Go thou to friar *Penker*; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard*'s caſtle.

[*Exeunt* Lov. *and* Catef. *ſeverally.*

Now will I go to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of ſight;

And

And to give order, that no ſort of perſon
Have, any time, recourſe unto the Princes. [*Exits*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd;
That it may be to-day read o'er in *Pauls*.
And, mark, how well the ſequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I've ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by *Cateſby* was it ſent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within theſe five hours *Haſtings* liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while;—who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays, he ſees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealings muſt be ſeen in thought. [*Exit.*

SCENE changes to *Baynard*'s Caſtle. (17)

Enter Gloceſter *and* Buckingham, *at ſeveral doors.*

Glo. HOW now, how now, what ſay the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of *Edward*'s children?
Buck. I did, with his contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his contract by deputy in *France*;
Th' unſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind;
Laid open all your victories in *Scotland*;

(17) *Baynard*'s Caſtle.] A houſe, belonging to the Duke of *Glouceſter*, in *Thames*-ſtreet; ſo call'd from *William Baynard* Baron of *Dunmow*, the builder of it.

Your

Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpoſe
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my oratory grew tow'rd end,
I bid them, that did love their country's good,
Cry, God ſave *Richard*, *England*'s royal King!

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But like dumb ſtatues, or unbreathing ſtones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not uſed
To be ſpoke to, except by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus ſaith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end o' th' hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cry'd, God ſave King *Richard*!
And thus I took the vantage of theſe few:
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applauſe and chearful ſhout
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to *Richard*.
And even here brake off, and came away. [ſpeak?

Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they, would they not
Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend ſome fear;
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit;
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two churchmen, good my Lord;
For on that ground I'll build a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts:
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer *nay*, and take it.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay *nay* to thee, for myſelf;
No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy iſſue. [*Exit* Glo.

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord. I dance attendance here;
I think, the Duke will not be ſpoke withal.

Enter Cateſby.

Buck. *Cateſby*, what ſays your Lord to my requeſt?

Cateſ. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.

Buck. Return, good *Cateſby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our gen'ral good,
Are come to have ſome conf'rence with his Grace.

Cateſ. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtrait. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ah! my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*;
He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of curtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſs his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the ſov'reignty thereof;
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God ſhield, his Grace ſhould ſay us *nay!*

Buck. I fear he will; here *Cateſby* comes again.

Enter Cateſby.

Cateſby, what ſays his Grace?

Cateſ. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:

By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And ſo once more return, and tell his Grace.
[*Exit* Cateſby.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloceſter *above, between two Biſhops.* Cateſby *returns.*

Mayor. See, where his Grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen.

Buck. Two props of virtue, for a chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And ſee, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet!* moſt gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-chriſtian zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch apology:
I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleaſure?

Buck. Ev'n that, I hope, which pleaſeth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.

Glo. I do ſuſpect, I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord: would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a chriſtian land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you reſign
The ſupream ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,
Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
While in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,

The

The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs:
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulneſs, and deep oblivion,
Which to re-cure, we heartily ſollicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land.
Not as Protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to anſwer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then, in ſpeaking, not incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert,
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea;
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.

But,

But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty;
And make us, doubtleſs, happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars;
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!

Buck. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your brother's ſon;
So ſay we too, but not by *Edward*'s wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother lives a witneſs to that vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed widow,
Ev'n in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye;
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my Lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Unto a lineal, true-derived courſe.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.

Cateſ. O make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap theſe cares on me?

I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty.
I do beſeech you, take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the child, your brother's ſon,
(As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed to all eſtates)
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our King;
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come, citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*
Cateſ. Call them again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of ſtone, [*Exit* Cateſby.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties;
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.

Re enter Buckingham, *and the reſt.*

Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load.
But if black ſcandal, or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your mere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof.
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.
Mayor. God bleſs your Grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England*'s worthy King!
All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Ev'n when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

Buck.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt joyfully we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
Farewel, my couſin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, before the *Tower.*

Enter the Queen, Dutcheſs of York, *and Marquiſs of* Dorſet, *at one Door*; Anne, *Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter, *leading* Clarence's *young daughter, at the other.*

DUTCHESS.

WHO meets us here? my niece *Plantagenet,*
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of *Glo'ſter?* (18)
Now, for my life, ſhe's wandring to the *Tower,*
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.
Queen. Siſter, well met; whither away ſo faſt?

(18) *Who meets us here? my niece* Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Glo'ſter?] Here is a manifeſt intimation, that the Dutcheſs of *Glo'ſter* leads in ſome body in her hand; but there is no direction, or entrance mark'd in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventur'd to gueſs, it muſt be *Clarence*'s young daughter. The old Dutcheſs of *York* calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grandchildren are frequently call'd *nephews.* —— In like manner the *Latins* us'd their *Nepos* and *Neptis:* (as they did likewiſe *Nepotes* in a greater latitude, to ſignify *deſcendants* in general.

Sive neglectum genus, & Nepotes,
Reſpicis autor. Hor. *l.* i. *Ode.* 2.)

So, in *Othello, Iago* ſays to *Brabantio,* when his daughter was run away with the *Moor.*

You'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe; you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you, *&c.*

Anne.

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King! who's that?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit* Lieu.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as mother
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard*'s royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.

Go,

Go, hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret*'s curſe;
Nor mother, wife, nor *England*'s counted Queen.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, Madam;
Take all the ſwift advantage of the time;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.
Dutch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,
Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſave the Queen!
Queen. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.
Anne. No! why?——When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry*'s coarſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I ſay, I look'd on *Richard*'s face,
This was my wiſh; "be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
"For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
"And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
"And be thy wife, if any be ſo mad,
"More miſerable by the life of thee,
"Than thou haſt made me, by my dear Lord's death!"
Loe, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt.
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,

But

But with his tim'rous dreams was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.
Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.
Dor. Farewel, thou woeful welcomer of glory!
Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!
Dut. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee!
[*To* Dorſet.
Go thou to *Richard*, and good angels tend thee!
[*To* Anne.
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſs thee!
[*To the Queen.*
I to my grave, where peace and reſt lie with me!
Eighty odd years of ſorrow have I ſeen, (19)
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.
Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the *Tower*.
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow,
For tender Princes; uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewel. [*Exeunt.*

(19) *Eighty odd years of ſorrow I have ſeen,*
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of anguiſh] This, *anguiſh*, is a word of Mr. *Pope*'s adoption; for all the copies, that I have ſeen, read

——*wreck'd with a week of* teen.

The poet certainly intended, that the old Dutcheſs ſhould conclude with a rhyme; and *teen* is a term which he chuſes to uſe elſewhere. So, in his *Tempeſt*.

——O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' *teen* that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance.

And in numberleſs other paſſages.

SCENE

SCENE changes to the Court.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Glouceſter *as King*, Buckingham, Cateſby.

K. *Rich.* STand all apart—couſin of *Buckingham*,—

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. *Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!

K. *Rich.* Ah, *Buckingham*, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be currant gold, indeed: (20)
Young *Edward* lives—think now, what I would ſpeak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. *Rich.* Why, *Buckingham*, I ſay, I would be King.

Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. *Rich.* Ha! am I King? 'tis ſo—but *Edward* lives—

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. *Rich.* O bitter conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould live—true noble Prince.
Couſin, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleaſure.

K. *Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes;
Say, have I thy conſent that they ſhall die?

Buck. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear Lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit* Buck.

(20) *Ah!* Buckingham, *now do I play the touch.*] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the technical term is abſolutely requiſite here, and that the Poet wrote;

——*Now do I 'ply the touch.*

i. e. apply the *touchſtone:* for that is meant by what he calls *touch*. So, again, in *Timon* of *Athens*, ſpeaking of gold, he ſays;

——O, thou *touch* of hearts!

i. e. thou trial, touchſtone.

Cateſ. The King is angry; ſee, he gnaws his lip.

K. *Rich.* I will converſe with iron-witted fools,
And unreſpective boys; none are for me,
That look into me with conſid'rate eyes.
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumſpect.
Boy, —

Page. My Lord.

K. *Rich.* Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit of death?

Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. *Rich.* What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tirrel.*

K. *Rich.* I partly know the man; go call him hither.
[*Exit Boy.*
The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels.
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,
The Marquiſs *Dorſet*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the parts where he abides.

K. *Rich.* Come hither, *Cateſby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is ſick, and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome mean-born Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtrait to *Clarence*' daughter.——
(The boy is fooliſh, and I fear not him.)
Look, how thou dream'ſt——I ſay again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is ſick, and like to die.
About it; for it ſtands me much upon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.
I muſt be married to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!

Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. *Rich.* Art thou, indeed? [*He talks him aside.*

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. *Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. *Rich.* Why then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;
Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. *Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, *Tirrel*;
Go, by this token——rise, and lend thine ear—— [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so——say, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand, that you did sound me in.

K. *Rich.* Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. *Rich. Stanley*, he is your wife's son; well, look to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour, and your faith, is pawn'd;
Th' Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. *Rich. Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. *Rich.* I do remember me——*Henry* the sixth
Did prophecy, that *Richmond* should be King,

When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.
A King, perhaps——
Buck. My Lord,——
K. *Rich.* How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I ſhould kill him?
Buck. My Lord, your promiſe for the Earldom,——
K. *Rich.* *Richmond?* when I was laſt at *Exeter*,
The Mayor in courteſy ſhewed me the caſtle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw *Richmond*.
Buck. My Lord,——
K. *Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promiſ'd me.
K. *Rich.* But what's o' clock?
Buck. Upon the ſtroke of ten.
K. *Rich.* Well, let it ſtrike.
Buck. Why let it ſtrike?
K. *Rich.* Becauſe, that, like a jack, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.
K. *Rich.* Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein. [*Exit.*
Buck. Is it ev'n ſo? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O, let me think on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and *Forreſt*, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' ſad ſtory.
O thus, (quoth *Dighton*,) lay the gentle babes;——
Thus, thus, (quoth *Forreſt*,) girdling one another

Within

Within their innocent alabaſter arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer beauty kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which, once, (quoth *Forreſt*,) almoſt chang'd my mind:
But, oh! the devil—there the villain ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on—we ſmothered
The moſt replenished ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er ſhe framed.—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe;
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord!

K. *Rich.* Kind *Tirrel*—am I happy in thy news?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then;
For it is done.

K. *Rich.* But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. *Rich.* Come to me, *Tirrel*, ſoon, ſoon after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time—but think, how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewel, till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* The ſon of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe:
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:
The ſons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abraham*'s boſom;
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth*, my brother's daughter;
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord, ——

K. *Rich.* Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord; *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*.
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. *Rich.* *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King.
Go muster men; my counsel is my shield,
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. *Exit.*

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. *Mar.* So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to *France*, hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched *Margaret*! who comes here?

Enter the Dutchess of York, *and Queen.*

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. *Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. *Mar.* *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,

Edward

Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?
When did'ſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done?

Q. *Mar.* When holy *Henry* died, and my ſweet ſon.

Dutch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortified living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due, by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on *England*'s lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
As thou can'ſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here.
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn but we?

Q. *Mar.* If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverend,
Give mine the benefit of ſignory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a huſband, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'ſt to kill him.

Q. *Mar.* Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work:
Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body;
And makes her pue-fellow with others moan.

Dutch. O, *Harry*'s wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. *Mar.* Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*:
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*:
And the beholders of this tragic play,
Th' adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reſerv'd their factor to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: but at hand, at hand,
Inſues his piteous and unpitied end.
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray for vengeance,
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, the dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou did'ſt propheſy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottl'd ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. *Mar.* I call'd thee then vain flouriſh of my fortune,
I call'd thee then poor ſhadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flatt'ring index of a direful pageant;
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a garniſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A Queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the Queen?
Where be the bending Peers, that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art:
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſu'd to, one that humbly ſues;
For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For

For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou did'st usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, *York*'s wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. *Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O! quicken them with thine.

Q. *Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [*Exit* Margaret.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys to your client's woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys, (21)
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

(21) *Airy succeeders of intestine joys,*] Thus the generality of the editions, from the oldest *folio* impression. But I cannot understand this reading. I have adopted another from the *quarto* in 1597, which, I think, must be the true one:

Airy succeeders of intestate joys,

i. e. Words, tun'd to complaints, succeed joys that are dead; and unbequeath'd to them, to whom they should properly descend.

Enter King Richard, *and his Train.*

K. *Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.

Queen. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor ſons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his ſon? [*Clarence's*

Queen. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey*?

K. *Rich.* A flourish, trumpets! ſtrike, alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I ſay.
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my ſon?

K. *Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. *Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

K. *Rich.* And brief, good mother, for I am in haſte.

Dutch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
God knows, in anguiſh, pain and agony.

K. *Rich.* And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days frightful, deſp'rate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly and bloody.
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Faith, none but *Humphry Houre*, that call'd your Grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me ſpeak.

K. *Rich.* You ſpeak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.

K. *Rich.* So,——

Dutch. Either thou'lt die by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight,
And there the little ſouls of *Edward*'s children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory!
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. *Rich.* Stay, Madam, I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more ſons of the royal blood
For thee to ſlaughter; for my daughters, *Richard*,
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. *Rich.* You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty,
Slander myſelf as falſe to *Edward*'s bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcar'd from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs, ſhe was not *Edward*'s daughter.

K. *Rich.* Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood.

Queen.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

K. *Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety d'y'd her brothers.

K. *Rich.* No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. *Rich.* All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. *Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life:
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. *Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. *Rich.* Th'advancement of your children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. *Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine:
So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs;

Which

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date. [daughter.

K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. *Rich.* What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul.
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. *Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. *Rich.* Even he that makes her Queen, who else [should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. *Rich.* Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. *Rich.* With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father steept in *Rutland*'s blood,
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple tide from her sweet brothers bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. *Rich.* You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. *Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. *Rich.* Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but a son being King;
And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions, and great dignity.
The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother:
Again shall you be mother to a King;
And all the ruins of distressful times,
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see.
The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed, (22)
Shall

(22) *The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,*
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their love with interest,
Of ten times *double gain of happiness.*] The great improvement to the sense, which my easy emendation makes here, will, I flatter myself, convince every judicious reader, of its being the genuine reading. *Love* and *lone* (which was the obsolete manner of spelling *loan*;) are made

Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a woo'er's tale;
Put in her tender heart th'aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys;
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. *Rich.* Infer fair *England*'s peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. *Rich.* Tell her, the King, that may command, entreats——

Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. *Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen——

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. *Rich.* Say, I will love her ever lastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. *Rich.* Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. *Rich.* As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and *Richard* like of it.

made out of one another, only by a letter turn'd upside down. *Ofttimes* is a stupid concoction of three words, from the indolence of the editors, which strangely flattens the sentence. My emendation gives this apt and easy sense. The tears, that you have *lent* to your afflictions, shall be turn'd into gems, and requite you, by way of *interest*, with happiness *twenty times* as great as your sorrows have been.

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her subject low.
Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.
K. *Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. *Rich.* Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. *Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.
Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave.
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
K. *Rich.* Harp not on that string, Madam; that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my crown—
Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. *Rich.* I swear.
Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour.
The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtues.
The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. *Rich.* Now by the world—
Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. *Rich.* My father's death—
Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. *Rich.* Then by myself.
Queen. Thyself thyself misusest.
K. *Rich.* Why then, by heav'n—
Queen. Heav'ns wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,
The unity the King my husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,
Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. *Rich.* By time to come.
Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;

For

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill us'd o'er past.

K. *Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself, myself confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times;
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. *Rich.* Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. *Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them;
Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. *Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. *Rich.*

Sir *Edmond Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Biſhop of *Exeter* his elder brother,
With many more confed'rates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guiſfords* are in arms,
And ev'ry hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*—
K. *Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death? *He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
Meſ. The news I have to tell your Majeſty,
Is, that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. *Rich.* Oh! I cry thee mercy;
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
Meſ. Such proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquiſs *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, My Liege, in *Yorkſhire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſs,
The *Bretagne* navy is diſpers'd, by tempeſt.
Richmond in *Dorſetſhire* ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to ask thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his party; he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for *Bretagne*.
K. *Rich.* March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the beſt news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty pow'r landed at *Milford*,
Is colder news, but yet it muſt be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *Salisbury*; whilſt we reaſon here,
A royal battle might be won and loſt:
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the reſt march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the Lord *Stanley*'s Houſe.

Enter Lord Stanley, *and Sir* Chriſtopher Urſwick.

Stan. SIR *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me; (23)
That in the ſty of this moſt bloody Boar,
My ſon *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head;
The fear of that holds off my preſent aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*-weſt in *Wales*.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned ſoldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth.

(23) *Sir* Chriſtopher, *tell* Richmond *this from me*;] The perſon, who is call'd Sir *Chriſtopher* here, and who has been ſtyl'd ſo in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of all the impreſſions, I find by the chronicles to have been *Chriſtopher Urſwick*, a batchelor in divinity, and chaplain to the Countess of *Richmond*, who had intermarried with the Lord *Stanley*. This Prieſt, the hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on meſſages betwixt the Counteſs of *Richmond*, and her huſband, and the young Earl of *Richmond*, whilſt he was preparing to make his deſcent on *England*.

And

And towards *London* do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewel. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Salisbury.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, *with Halberds, led to Execution.*

BUCKINGHAM.

WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and *Edward*'s children, *Grey* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice
If that your moody, discontented souls,
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction.
This is *All-souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my Lord.

Buck. Why then *All-souls* day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which in King *Edward*'s time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this *All-souls* day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men

To

To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms.
Thus *Marg'ret*'s curſe falls heavy on my head;
When he, quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember, *Marg'ret* was a Propheteſs.
Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *Sheriff and Officers.*

SCENE, on the borders of *Leiceſter*-Shire. A Camp.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, *and others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. FEllows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody and uſurping boar,
(That ſpoil'd your ſummer-fields, and fruitful vines,)
Swills your warm blood like waſh, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd boſoms; this foul ſwine
Lies now e'en in the centre of this iſle,
Near to the town of *Leiceſter*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one days march.
In God's name cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace,
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,
Which in his deareſt need will fly from him.

Rich. All for our vantage; then, in God's name, march;
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings;
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Bosworth* Field.

Enter King Richard *in arms, with* Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, *and others.*

K. *Rich.* HERE pitch our tents, even here in *Bosworth* field.
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?
Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. *Rich.* My Lord of *Norfolk*, ——
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.
K. *Rich. Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious Lord.
K. *Rich.* Up with my tent, here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? —— well, all's one for that.
Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six, or sev'n, thousand is their utmost power.
K. *Rich.* Why, our battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, Lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another Part of *Bosworth* field.

Enter Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and* Dorset.

Richm. THE weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you shall bear my standard:
The Earl of *Pembroke* keep his regiment;
Good captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goeſt;
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, doſt thou know?
Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the King.
Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it.
Richm. Give me ſome ink and paper; in my tent
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his ſeveral charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength.
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

SCENE changes back to King *Richard*'s Tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, *and* Cateſby.

K. *Rich*. WHat is't o'clock?
Cateſ. It's ſupper time, my Lord;
It's nine a clock.
K. *Rich*. I will not ſup to-night.
Give me ſome ink and paper.
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cateſ. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readineſs.
K. *Rich*. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe careful watch, chuſe truſty centinels.
Nor. I go, my Lord.
K. *Rich*. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.
Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. [*Exit*.
K. *Rich*. *Cateſby*,——
Cateſ. My Lord.
K. *Rich*. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To *Stanley*'s regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon *George* fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine——give me a watch——
[*To* Ratcliff.
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to-morrow:
Look, that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff——
Rat. My Lord?
K. *Rich.* Saw'ſt thou the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.
K. *Rich.* I am ſatisfy'd; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have——
There, ſet it down. Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my Lord.
K. *Rich.* Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I ſay.
[*Exit* Ratcliff.

SCENE changes back to *Richmond*'s Tent.

Enter Stanley *to* Richmond; *Lords*, &c.

Stan. FOrtune and victory ſit on thy helm!
Rich. All comfort, that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bleſs thee from thy mother;
Who prays continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal ſtaring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt (being ſeen) thy brother tender *George*

Be

Be executed in his father's ſight.
Farewel; the leiſure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo-long-ſundred friends ſhould dwell upon.
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu; be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to-morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind Lords, and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt.* *Manet* Richmond.
O thou! whoſe Captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries.
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory.
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

SCENE, between the Tents of *Richard* and *Richmond*: They ſleeping.

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, *Son to* Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. LET me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
Think, how thou ſtab'd'ſt me in the prime of youth
At *Tewkſbury*; therefore deſpair and die.
Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged ſouls
[*To* Richm.
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry *the Sixth.*

Ghoſt. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To K.* Rich.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the *Tower*, and me; deſpair, and die.
Henry the ſixth bids thee deſpair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror! [*To* Richm.
Harry, that propheſy'd thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep; live thou and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
I, that was waſh'd to death in fulſom wine,
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; deſpair and die.
Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaſter*, [*To* Richm.
The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, *and* Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To K.* Rich.
Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: deſpair, and die.
Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy ſoul deſpair.
[*To K.* Rich.
Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy launce! *Richard*, deſpair and die.
[*To K.* Rich.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in *Richard's* boſom
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day. [*To* Richm.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake; [*To K.* Rich.
And in a bloody battle end thy days:
Think on Lord *Haſtings*; and deſpair and die.
Quiet, untroubled ſoul, awake, awake! [*To* Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* ſake.

Enter

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the *Tower*:
Let us be lead within thy boſom, *Richard*, (24)
[*To K.* Rich.
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews ſouls bid thee deſpair and die.
Sleep, *Richmond*, ſleep in peace; and wake in joy.
[*To* Richm.
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings——
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, *his wife.*

Ghoſt. Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee, [*To K.* Rich.
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword: deſpair and die.
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep: [*To* Richm.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory,
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown:
The laſt was I, that felt thy tyranny. [*To K.* Rich.
O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath.

(24) *Let us be* laid *within thy boſom*, Richard,] This is a poor feeble reading, which has obtain'd by corruption, ever ſince the firſt edition put out by the players: and, indeed, up as high as the *quarto* in 1602. But I have reſtor'd from the elder *quarto*, publiſh'd in 1597, which Mr. *Pope* does not pretend to have ſeen;

Let us be lead *within thy boſom*, Richard,

This correſponds with what is ſaid in the line immediately following,

And weigh *thee* down *to ruin, ſhame, and death!*

And likewiſe with what the generality of the ghoſts ſay threateningly to *Richard*;

Let me ſit heavy *on thy ſoul to-morrow!*

I dy'd for holpe, ere I could lend thee aid; (25)
[To Richm.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on *Richmond*'s side,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.
—— [*The Ghosts vanish.*
[*K.* Richard *starts out of his dream.*

K. *Rich.* Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, *Jesu*—soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What? do I fear myself? there's none else by;
Richard loves *Richard*; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here? no; yes, I am.
Then fly—what, from myself? great reason; why?
Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself,
I am a villain; yet I lye, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral tale,
And ev'ry tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree,
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty!
I shall despair: there is no creature loves me:
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

(25) *I dy'd for* hope, *ere I could lend thee aid*,] All the editions concur in this reading, to the absolute detriment of the sense. I restore, with the addition of a single letter;

I dy'd for holpe, *ere I could lend thee aid*;

i. e. I perish'd for that *help*, which I had intended and was preparing to lend thee; tho' I could not essentially give thee any assistance.

Methought

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord,——

K. *Rich.* Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. *Rich.* *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear——

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. *Rich.* By the apostle *Paul*, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.* K. Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Enter the Lords to Richmond, *sitting in his Tent.*

Lords. Good-morrow, *Richmond*.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, Lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my Lords,
Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard* murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side.

The pray'rs of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood, establish'd;
One, that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of *England*'s chair, where he is falsely set:
One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards; draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, chearfully,
God, and Saint *George!* *Richmond*, and victory!

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

K. *Rich.* What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Rich-*
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms. [*mond?*
K. *Rich.* He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. *Rich.* He was i' th' right, and so, indeed, it is.
Tell the clock there—give me a kalendar. [*Clock strikes.*
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago—
A black day it will be to somebody, *Ratcliff!*

Rat. My Lord?

K. *Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army.—
I would these dewy tears were from the ground—
Not shine to-day? why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond?* for the self-same heav'n,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. *Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and St. *George* to boot!—What think'st thou, *Norfolk?*

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign.
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a Scroll.*

Jocky of *Norfolk*, be not so bold,
For *Dickon* thy master is bought and sold. [*Reads.*

K. *Rich.* A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his charge.
Let not our babling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.

What ſhall I ſay more than I have inferr'd?
Remember, whom you are to cope withal;
A ſort of vagabonds, of raſcals, run-aways,
A ſcum of *Britons*, and baſe lackey-peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate adventures and deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having lands, and bleſt with beauteous wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtrain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, (26)
Long kept in *Bretagne* at his mother's coſt?
A milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhooes in ſnow.
Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of *France*,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard-*Britons*, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd;
And on record left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of *England*; fight, bold yeomen!

(26) *And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,*
Long kept in Britaine *at* our *mother's coſt?*] This is ſpoken by *Richard*, of *Henry* Earl of *Richmond*: but they were far from having any *common* mother, but *England*: and the Earl of *Richmond* was not ſubſiſted abroad at the nation's publick charge. He fled with the Earl of *Pembroke* to *Bretagny* in King *Edward* IVth's reign: And many artifices were tried both by that King firſt, and King *Richard* afterwards, to get him deliver'd up by the *French* King and Duke of *Bretagny*. But he happily eſcap'd all the ſnares laid for him. During the greateſt part of his reſidence abroad, he was watch'd and reſtrain'd almoſt like a captive; and ſubſiſted by ſupplies convey'd from the Counteſs of *Richmond*, his mother. It ſeems probable therefore, that we muſt read;

Long kept in Bretagne *at* his *mother's coſt.*

I publiſh'd this conjecture in the appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to adopt it in his laſt edition of our poet.

Draw,

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in bloods;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves!

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
K. *Rich.* Off with his ſon *George*'s head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemy is paſt the marſh;
After the battle let *George Stanley* die.
K. *Rich.* A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. *George*,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Cateſby.

Cateſ. Reſcue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, reſcue, reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger!
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Reſcue, fair Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. *Rich.* A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
Cateſ. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a horſe.
K. *Rich.* Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye:
I think, there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I ſlain to day inſtead of him.
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *they fight,*
Richard *is ſlain.*

Retreat and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Stanley *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

Stan.

Stan. Couragious *Richmond*, well haſt thou acquit thee.
Lo, here theſe long-uſurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay, Amen, to all!
But tell me firſt, is young *George Stanley* living?

Stan. He is, my Lord, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* town;
Whither, if you ſo pleaſe, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?

Stan. John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* the Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brakenbury*, Sir *William Brandon*.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us.
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,
We will unite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heav'n upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and ſays not, Amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſons, compell'd, been butchers to the ſire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaſter*,
Divided in their dire diviſion.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſp'rous days.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord!
That would reduce theſe bloody days again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreams of blood.
Let them not live to taſte this land's encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair land's peace.
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, peace lives agen:
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen! [*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

King HENRY VIII.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolſey, *his firſt Miniſter and Favourite.*
Cranmer, *Archbiſhop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk.
Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain.
Cardinal Campeius, *the Pope's Legat.*
Capucius, *Ambaſſador from the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth.*
Sir Thomas Audleie, *Lord Keeper after Sir* Tho. More; *and then Lord Chancellor.*
Gardiner, *Biſhop of* Wincheſter.
Biſhop of Lincoln.
Lord Abergavenny.
Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford.
Sir Thomas Lovel.
Sir Anthony Denny.
Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Sir William Sands.
Cromwell, *firſt Servant to* Wolſey, *afterwards to the King.*
Griffith, *Gentleman-Uſher to Queen* Catharine.
Three Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Phyſician to the King.*
Garter, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.

Queen

Dramatis Personæ

G. Vander Gucht Scul.

H. Gravelot in Vol: 5. P: 303.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen Catherine, *first Wife to King* Henry, *afterwards divorced.*

Anne Bullen, *beloved by the King, and afterwards married to him.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, *Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen* Catharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shews. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in *London* and *Westminster*; once at *Kimbolton.*

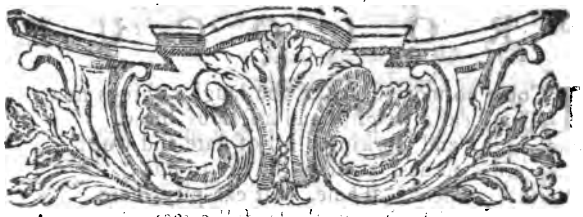
PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a ſerious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of ſtate and woe;
Such noble ſcenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We have preſent. Thoſe, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The ſubject will deſerve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Thoſe, that come to ſee
Only a ſhow or two, (and ſo agree,
The play may paſs) if they be ſtill and willing,
I'll undertake, may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play;
A noiſe of targets; or to ſee a fellow (1)
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our choſen truth with ſuch a ſhow
As fool and fight is, (beſides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an underſtanding friend.
Therefore, for goodneſs ſake, as you are known
The firſt and happieſt hearers of the town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think before ye (2)
The very perſons of our noble ſtory.
As they were living: think, you ſee them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand friends; Then, in a moment ſee
How ſoon this mightineſs meets miſery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll ſay,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

(1) —— *or to ſee a* Fellow
In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *Buffoons*, introduc'd for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a ſmall taſte in his own.

(2) —— *Think* ye ſee
The very perſons of our noble ſtory,] Why the rhyme ſhould have been interrupted here, when it was ſo eaſily to be ſupplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the preſs, or the tranſcribers: and therefore I have made no ſcruple to replace it.

THE



The LIFE of King *HENRY* VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE, An *Anti-chamber* in the *Palace*.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* Buckingham, *and the Lord* Abergavenny.

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD-morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since laſt we ſaw in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:
Healthful, and ever ſince a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a priſoner in my chamber, when
Thoſe ſuns of glory, thoſe two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:
I was then preſent, ſaw 'em ſalute on horſe-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together:
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: men might ſay,
'Till this time pomp was ſingle, but now marry'd
To one above itſelf. Each following day
Became the next day's maſter, 'till the laſt
Made former wonders, its. To-day the *French*,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen Gods,
Shone down the *Engliſh*; and to-morrow they
Made *Britain*, *India*: every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfiſh pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The pride upon them; that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this maſk
Was cry'd, incomparable; and th' enſuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt,
As preſence did preſent them; him in eye,
Still him in praiſe; and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid, they ſaw but one; and no diſcerner
Durſt wag his tongue in cenſure. When theſe ſuns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble ſpirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compaſs; that old fabulous ſtory
(Being now ſeen poſſible enough) got credit;
That † *Bevis* was believ'd.
Buck. Oh, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour, honeſty; the tract of every thing
Would by a good diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Action's ſelf was tongue to. All was royal; (3)
To

† *The old romantic legend of* Bevis *of* Southampton.
(3) *Which action's ſelf was tongue to.*
Buck. *All was royal.*
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view. The office did
Diſtinctly his full function. Who did, &c.]
Thus hitherto theſe ſpeeches have been regulated: but, I think, miſtakingly.

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view: The office did
Distinctly his full function.
Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, sure, that promises no element
In such a business.
Buck. Pray you, who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a wretch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Yet, surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web;—this give us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way:
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the King.
Aber. I cannot tell
What heav'n hath giv'n him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that: but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him; whence has he that? (4)

mistakingly. *Buckingham* could not with any propriety say this: for he wanted information as to the magnificence, having kept his chamber with an ague during the solemnity. I have therefore ventur'd to split the speeches, so as to give them probability, from the persons speaking; without hazarding the author's sense by this new regulation.

(4) —— *whence has he that,*
If not from hell? the devil!] Thus has this passage been pointed in all the editions; but the very inference, which is made upon it, directs the stops as I have regulated them; and as Mr. *Warburton* likewise communicated to me, they should be.

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before; and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o'th' King, t' appoint
Who ſhould attend him? he makes up the file
Of all the gentry: for the moſt part ſuch,
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Muſt fetch in him he papers.
Aber. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this ſo ſicken'd their eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Aber. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue?
Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the *French* and us not values
The coſt, that did conclude it,
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
I thing inſpir'd; and not conſulting, broke
Into a general propheſy, that this tempeſt,
Daſhing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants goods at *Bourdeaux*.
Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate!
Buck. Why all this buſineſs
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The ſtate takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I adviſe you,
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes tow'rds you
Honour and plenteous ſafety;) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to conſider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A miniſter in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his ſword
Hath a ſharp edge: it's long, and 't may be ſaid,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſom up my counſel,
You'll find it wholeſome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *the purſe born before him, certain of the guard, and two ſecretaries with papers; the Cardinal in his paſſage fixeth his eye on* Buckingham, *and* Buckingham *on him, both full of diſdain.*

Wol. The Duke of *Buckingham*'s ſurveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Wol. Is he in perſon ready?
Secr. Ay, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Wol. Well, we ſhall then know more;
And *Buckingham* ſhall leſſen this big look.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buck. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord;

And let your reaſon with your choler queſtion
What 'tis you go about. To climb ſteep hills,
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full-hot horſe, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me, like you: be to yourſelf,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipſwich* fellow's inſolence; or proclaim,
There's diff'rence in no perſons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe ſo hot,
That it do ſinge yourſelf. We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs, that which we run at;
And loſe by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, waſtes it? be advis'd:
I ſay again, there is no *Engliſh* ſoul
More ſtronger to direct you than yourſelf;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of paſſion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your preſcription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We ſee each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.

Nor. Say not, treaſonous. [ſtrong

Buck. To th' King I'll ſay't, and make my vouch as
As ſhore of rock.——Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is ſubtle; and as prone to miſchief,
As able to perform't;) his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our maſter
To this laſt coſtly treaty, th' enterview,

That

That ſwallow'd ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſs
Did break i' th' rinſing.

Nor. Faith, and ſo it did.

Buck. Pray give me favour, Sir.—This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' th' combination drew,
As himſelf pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *let it be*—to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well—for worthy *Wolſey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treaſon;) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to ſee the Queen his aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*;) here makes viſitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
Breed him ſome prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and as I trow,
Which I do well—for, I am ſure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his ſuit was granted
Ere it was aſk'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the King's courſe,
And break the foreſaid peace. Let the King know,
(As ſoon he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and ſell his honour as he pleaſes,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am ſorry
To hear this of him; and could wiſh, you were
Something miſtaken in't.

Buck. No, not a ſyllable:
I do pronounce him in that very ſhape,
He ſhall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, *a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My

My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of high treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Sov'reign King.
Buck. Lo you, my Lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I ſhall periſh
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am ſorry
To ſee you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The buſineſs preſent. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure
You ſhall to th' *Tower*.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ſt part black. The will of heav'n
Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my Lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of heav'n be done; and the King's pleaſure
By me obey'd!
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t' attach Lord *Montague*; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confeſſor, *John de la Car*;
And *Gilbert Peck*, his chancellor. (5)
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o' th' plot: no more, I hope?
Bran. A monk o' th' *Chartreux*.
Buck. Nicholas Hopkins? (6)

(5) *One* Gilbert Peck, *his* counſellor.] So the old copies have it, but, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, I, from the authorities of *Hall* and *Holingſhead*, chang'd it to *chancellor*. And our poet himſelf, in the beginning of the ſecond act vouches for this correction.

At which; appear'd againſt him his ſurveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his *chancellor*——

Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt edition, has vouchſaf'd to embrace my correction.

(6) Michael *Hopkins?*] So all the old copies had it; and ſo Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* from them. But here again, by the help of the chronicles, I have formerly given the true reading; which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe adopted in his laſt edition.

Bran.

Brau. He.

Buck. My ſurveyor is falſe, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpann'd already:
I am the ſhadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whoſe figure ev'n this inſtant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear ſun. My Lord, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to the *Council-Chamber.*

Cornet. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Card nal's ſhoulder; the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovel; *the Cardinal places himſelf under the King's feet, on his right ſide.*

King. MY life itſelf, and the beſt heart of it, [level
Thanks you for this great care: I ſtood i'th'
Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of *Buckingham*'s in perſon;
I'll hear him his confeſſions juſtify,
And point by point the treaſons of his maſter
He ſhall again relate.

A noiſe within, *crying*, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen *uſher'd by the Duke of* Norfolk, *and* Suffolk; *ſhe kneels. The King riſeth from his ſtate, takes her up, kiſſes and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneel; I am a ſuitor.

King. Ariſe, and take your place by us; half your ſuit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you aſk, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majeſty.
That you would love yourſelf, and in that love
Not unconſider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am ſollicited, not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition, that your ſubjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commiſſions
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
(My good Lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions; yet the King our maſter
(Whoſe honour heav'n ſhield from ſoil) ev'n he eſcapes not
Language unmannerly; yea ſuch, which breaks
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almoſt appears,
It doth appear; for upon theſe taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The ſpinſters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in deſp'rate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger ſerves among them.

King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what taxation? my Lord Cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Pleaſe you, Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in aught
Pertains to th' ſtate, and front but in that file
Where others tell ſteps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholeſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is ſacrifice to th' load; they ſay,
They are devis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!
The nature of it, in what kind let's know
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd

Under

Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; all their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your Highness
Would give it quick consideration; for
There is no primer baseness.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit:
Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We muſt not rend our ſubjects from our laws,
And ſtick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
A trembling contribution!—why, we take
From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o' th' timber:
And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
The air will drink the ſap. To ev'ry county,
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commiſſion: pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to ev'ry ſhire,
Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me, let it be noiſ'd,
That, through our interceſſion, this revokement
And pardon comes; I ſhall anon adviſe you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm ſorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.

King. It grieves many;
The gentleman is learn'd, a moſt rare ſpeaker,
To nature none more bound; his training ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great teachers,
And never ſeek for aid out of himſelf.
Yet ſee, when noble benefits ſhall prove,
Not well diſpos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man ſo complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongſt wonders, and when we,
Almoſt with ravi'ſhing liſtning, could not find
His hour of ſpeech, a minute; he, my Lady,
Hath into monſtrous habits put the graces
That once were his; and is become as black,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit, you ſhall hear
(This was his gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ſpirit relate, what you,
Moſt like a careful ſubject, have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. Firſt, it was uſual with him, ev'ry day
It would infect his ſpeech, that if the King
Should without iſſue die, he'd carry't ſo
To make the ſcepter his. Theſe very words
I've heard him utter to his ſon-in-law,
Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Pleaſe your Highneſs, note
His dangerous conception in this point:
Not friended by his wiſh to your high perſon,
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point haſt thou heard him
At any time ſpeak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophecy of *Nicholas Hopkins*. (7)

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* friar,
His confeſſor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of ſov'reignty.

King. How know'ſt thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highneſs ſped to *France*,

(7) *By a vain prophecy of* Nicholas HENTON] We heard before, from *Brandon*, of one *Nicholas Hopkins*; and now his name is chang'd into *Henton*; ſo that *Brandon* and the ſurveyor ſeem to be in two ſtories. There is, however, but one and the ſame perſon meant, *Hopkins*; as I have reſtor'd it in the text: nor will it be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to conſider, that he was a monk of the convent, call'd *Henton*, near *Briſtol*. So both *Hall* and *Holingſhead* acquaint us. And he might, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times, be call'd as well *Nicholas of Henton*, from the place; as *Hopkins*, from his family. I formerly ſet the text right; and Mr. *Pope* has ſince acceded to my alteration.

The Duke being at the *Rofe*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Preſently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, ſays he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after under the confeſſion's ſeal (8)
He ſolemnly had ſworn, that, what he ſpoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, ſhould utter; with demure confidence
This pauſingly enſu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper; bid him ſtrive
To gain the love o' th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*.

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's ſurveyor, and loſt your office
On the complaint o' th' tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleen a noble perſon,
And ſpoil your nobler ſoul: I ſay, take heed; (9)
Yes, heartily I beſeech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

(8) *under the commiſſion's ſeal*

He ſolemnly had ſworn.] So all the editions down from the early beginning. But, what *commiſſion's* ſeal? That is a queſtion, I dare ſay, none of our diligent editors ever aſk'd themſelves. The text muſt be reſtor'd, as I have corrected it; and honeſt *Holinſhead*, from whom our author took the ſubſtance of this paſſage, may be call'd in as a teſtimony.—"The *Duke* in talk told the *Monk*, that "he had done very well to bind his chaplain, *John de la Court*, "under the ſeal of *confeſſion*, to keep ſecret ſuch matters." *Hol.* Life of *Henry* VIII. p. 863.

(9) *And ſpoil your* noble *ſoul:*] Mr. *Rowe's* edition, I think, firſt ſophiſticated this paſſage: The eldeſt copies read, *nobler*. And it ſeems very proper for a pious Queen to ſay, the *ſoul* of *any* perſon was of a *nobler* regard than the *life* of the *moſt noble perſon*.

Surv.

Surv. On my ſoul, I'll ſpeak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illuſions
The monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dang'rous
For him to ruminate on this, until
It forg'd him ſome deſign, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: he anſwer'd, tuſh,
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That had the King in his laſt ſickneſs fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovel*'s heads
Should have gone off.
King. Ha! what, ſo rank? ah ha——
There's miſchief in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Surv. I can, my Liege.
King. Proceed.
Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſs had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blomer*——
King. I remember
Of ſuch a time, he being my ſworn ſervant,
The Duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?
Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As to the *Tower*, I thought, I would have plaid
The part my father meant to act upon
Th' uſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which, if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Have put his knife into him.
King. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highneſs live in freedom,
And this man out of priſon?
Queen. God mend all!
King. There's ſomething more would out of thee; what ſay'ſt?
Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife,—
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible oath, whoſe tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irreſolute purpoſe.
King. There's his period,

To ſheath his knife in us; he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryal; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. IS't poſſible the ſpells of *France* ſhould juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries? (10)

Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I ſee, all the good our *Engliſh*
Have got by the laſt voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' th' face, but they are ſhrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep ſtate ſo. [take it.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would
(That never ſaw 'em pace before) the ſpavin
And ſpring-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their clothes are after ſuch a pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they've worn out Chriſtendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovel?*

(10) *Men into ſuch ſtrange* myſteries?] What *myſteries* were theſe? Why, new fantaſtick court-faſhions. But to prove it beyond doubt to be a ſpurious reading, let us conſider the nature of thoſe ſuperſtitions; that the *metaphors* in the foregoing line allude to. It was the opinion of the common people at that time, that conjurers, jugglers *&c.* with their ſpells and charms could force men to commit idle fantaſtick actions; or change their ſhapes into ſomething groteſque and ridiculous. This being alluded to here, 'tis plain, we muſt read in the 2d line;

Men into ſuch ſtrange mockeries.

a word, which very well expreſſes the *whimſical* faſhions here complain'd of. Mr. *Warburton.*

Enter

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and taylors.

Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
To think an *English* courtier may be wise, [Monsieurs
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bolster'd breeches, and those types of travel;
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our Ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies:
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're going:
For, sure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord *Sands*;

Your colt's tooth is not caſt yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not, while I have a ſtump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a ſupper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll aſſure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind, indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that ſaid other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, (11) 'as wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin than ſill doctrine.
Men of his way ſhould be moſt liberal,
They're ſet here for examples.

Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones: my barge ſtays;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along. Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordſhip's. [*Exeunt.*

(11) ——— *'as wherewithal in him*;
Sparing would ſhew &c.] Thus this hole paſſage has been falſely pointed. The *wherewithal*, intended by Lord *Sands*, was not in the *Cardinal*'s internal wealth, the bounty of his mind, but the goods of fortune, his outward treaſures, large revenues: which would have aggravated the ſin of parſimony in him. The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe corrected this paſſage, as I have done.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *York-house*.

Hautboys. A ſmall table under a ſtate for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as gueſts, at one door; at another door, enter* Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. LAdies, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry,
As, firſt good company, good wine, good welcome, (12)
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands *and* Lovel.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir *Harry Guilford.*

Sands. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running banquet, ere they reſted:
I think, would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordſhip were but now confeſſor
To one or two of theſe.

Sands. I would I were
They ſhould find eaſy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how eaſy?

Sands. As eaſy, as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet Ladies, will it pleaſe you ſit? Sir *Harry*, Place you that ſide, I'll take the charge of this:

(12) *As, firſt, good company, good wine,* &c.] As this paſſage has been all along pointed, Sir *Harry Guilford* is made to include all theſe under the *firſt* article; and then gives us the drop as to what ſhould follow. The poet, I am perſuaded, wrote;

As firſt good *company, good wine, good welcome,* &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as theſe three things can make you, the beſt company in the land, of the beſt rank, good wine, &c.

Elſe

His Grace is ent'ring; nay, you muſt not freeze:
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, ſit between theſe Ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip. By your leave, ſweet Ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; juſt as I do now,
He'd kiſs you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if theſe fair Ladies
Paſs away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure, (13)
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolſey, *and takes his ſtate.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair gueſts; that noble Lady,
Or Gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your Grace is noble!
Let me have ſuch a bowl may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.

Wol. My Lord *Sands*,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?

Sands. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we ſhall have 'em
Talk us to ſilence.

Anne. You're a merry gameſter,
My Lord *Sands*.

(13) *For my little* Cure,] This word I have reſtor'd from the firſt *folio*. Some of the modern editions read, *Cue*. But Lord *Sands* ſeems to me to proſecute the idea of *penance*, mention'd by the Lord *Chamberlain*, and humorouſly alluded to the *cure of ſouls*.

Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladyſhip, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to ſuch a thing——
Anne. You cannot ſhew me.
Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.
Drum and Trumpets, chambers diſcharged.
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, ſome of ye.
Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this? nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of ſtrangers,
For ſo they ſeem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great Ambaſſadors
From foreign Princes.
Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can ſpeak the *French* tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall ſhine at full upon them. Some attend him.

All ariſe, and tables removed.

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and, once more,
I ſhower a welcome on ye. welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, uſher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They paſs directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble company! what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no *Engliſh*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this ſo noble and ſo fair aſſembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no leſs,
Out of the great reſpect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.
[*Chuse Ladies, King and* Anne Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*
Wol. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace;
Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me;
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than myself, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it. [*Whisper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then:
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.
King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a church-man, or I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I'am glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee come hither, what fair Lady's that? [daughter,
Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen*'s
(The Viscount *Rochford*,) one of her Highness' women.
King. By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To* Anne Bullen.
And not to kiss you. A health, Gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber;
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King.

King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my Lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your Ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.
[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE, a Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 GENTLEMAN.

WHither away so fast?
2 *Gen.* O Sir, God save ye:
Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham.*
1 *Gen.* I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the pris'ner.
2 *Gen.* Were you there?
1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?
1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gen.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.
2 *Gen.* I'm sorry for't.
1 *Gen.* So are a number more.
2 *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations

He

He pleaded ſtill not guilty; and alledg'd
Many ſharp reaſons to defeat the law.
The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confeſſions
Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To have brought *vivâ voce* to his face:
At which appear'd againſt him, his ſurveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Car*
Confeſſor to him, with that devil-Monk,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.

2 *Gen.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The ſame.
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And ſo his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high-treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himſelf?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an agony, he ſweat extremely,
And ſomething ſpoke in choler, ill and haſty:
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh; the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly.
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures; firſt *Kildare*'s attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leſt he ſhould help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of ſtate
Was a deep, envious, one.

1 *Gen.* At his return

No

No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And generally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal inſtantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciouſly: and o'my conſcience
Wiſh him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The mirror of all courteſy.

Enter Buckingham *from his Arraignment, (Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each ſide) accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovel, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common People, &c.*

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.

2 *Gen.* Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me:
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name muſt die; yet, heav'n bear witneſs,
And if I have a conſcience, let it ſink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premiſes, but juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more chriſtians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in miſchief;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſs blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying;
Go with me, like good Angels, to my end:
And as the long divorce of ſteel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,

And

And lift my ſoul to heaven. Lead on, o' Gods name.

Lov. I do beſeech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſs offences
'Gainſt me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his Grace:
And if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and pray'rs
Yet are the King's; and 'till my ſoul forſake me,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſs, and he, fill up one monument!

Lov. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: ſee, the barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The greatneſs of his Perſon.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord high Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*; now, poor *Edward Bohun*.
Yet I am richer than my baſe accuſers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now feel it;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his ſervant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſs'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without tryal fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Sev'nth ſucceeding, truly pitying
My father's loſs, like a moſt royal Prince
Reſtor'd to me my honours; and from ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his ſon,

Henry

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one ſtroak has taken
For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
And muſt needs ſay, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
Fell by our ſervants, by thoſe men we lov'd.
A moſt unnatural and faithleſs ſervice!
Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counſels,
Be ſure, you be not looſe; thoſe you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to ſink ye. All good people
Pray for me! I muſt leave ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewel; and when you would ſay ſomething ſad,
Speak, how I fell——I've done; and God forgive me.
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltleſs,
'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This ſecret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir; did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a ſeparation
Between the King and *Cath'rine*?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger

He

He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtrait
To ſtop the rumour; and allay thoſe tongues,
That durſt diſperſe it.

2 Gen. But that ſlander, Sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Freſher than e'er it was: and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or ſome about him near, have (out of malice
To the good Queen) poſſeſs'd him with a ſcruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſs.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal:
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not beſtowing on him, at his asking,
The Arch-biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinal
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, an Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

MY Lord, the horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, *a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commiſſion and main power took 'em from me, with this reaſon; his maſter would be ſerv'd before a ſubject, if not before the King, which ſtopp'd our mouths, Sir.*

I fear, he will indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham.

Cham. Good-day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. what's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conſcience.
Suf. No, his conſcience
Has crept too near another Lady.
Nor. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind prieſt, like the eldeſt ſon of fortune,
Turns what he lifts. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himſelf elſe.
Nor. How holily he works in all his buſineſs,
And with what zeal? for now he has crack'd the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew,
He dives into the King's ſoul, and there ſcatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conſcience,
Fears, and deſpair, and all theſe for his marriage;
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a divorce; a loſs of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with: even of her,
That, when the greateſt ſtroke of fortune falls,
Will bleſs the King; and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heav'n keep me from ſuch counſel! 'tis moſt true,
Theſe news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into theſe affairs, ſee his main end,
The *French* King's ſiſter. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold, bad man.
Suf. And free us from his ſlavery.
Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From Princes into pages; all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd

Into

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
King. Ay, and the beſt, ſhe ſhall have; and my favour
To him that does beſt, God forbid elſe. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whoſe hand has rais'd me.
King. Come hither, *Gardiner.* [*Walks and whiſpers.*
Cam. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, ſurely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then
Ev'n of yourſelf, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not ſtick to ſay, you envy'd him;
And fearing he would riſe, he was ſo virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man ſtill: which ſo griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.
Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's chriſtian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none ſo near elſe. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
King. Deliver this with modeſty to th' Queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The moſt convenient place that I can think of,
For ſuch receit of learning, is *Black-Fryers:*
There ye ſhall meet about this weighty buſineſs.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So ſweet a bedfellow? but, conſcience, conſcience!—
O, 'tis a tender place, but I muſt leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE an Anti-chamber of the *Queen's* Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. NOT for that neither—here's the pang, that pinches.
His Highneſs having liv'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: oh, now after
So many courſes of the ſun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majeſty and pomp,
The which to leave 's a thouſand-fold more bitter
Than ſweet at firſt t'acquire; after this proceſs,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monſter.

Old L. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better
She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
Yet if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce (14)
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſuff'rance panging
As ſoul and body's ſev'ring.

Old L. Ah! poor Lady,
She's ſtranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Muſt pity drop upon her; verily,
I ſwear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content;
Than to be perk'd up in a gliſt'ring grief,
And wear a golden ſorrow.

(14) *Yet if that* quarrel,] The ſenſe is ſomewhat obſcure, and uncertain, here. Either *quarrel* muſt be underſtood *metaphorically*, to ſignify a ſhaft, a dart; as it is uſed by *Chaucer*; and as, among the *French*, they ſay, *un Quarreau d'arbaleſte*, an arrow peculiar for the croſs-bow: or we muſt read, as Mr. *Warburton* has conjectured;

Yet if that quarr'lous *fortune.*——

And *Shakeſpeare*, I remember, ſomewhere uſes this expreſſion—— *as* quarr'lous *as a weazel.*

Old L. Our content
Is our beſt having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and ſo would you,
For all this ſpice of your hypocriſy;
You, that have ſo fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, ſovereignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are bleſſings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft cheveril conſcience would receive,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth——
Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.
Old L. 'Tis ſtrange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to Queen it; but I pray you,
What think you of a Dutcheſs? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than bluſhing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchſafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How do you talk!
I ſwear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I myſelf
Would for *Carnarvanſhire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cha. Good-morrow, Ladies; what were't worth to know
The ſecret of your conf'rence?
Anne. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your aſking:

Our

Our miſtreſs' ſorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſs, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I ſpeak ſincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majeſty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpoſe honour to you no leſs flowing
Than Marchioneſs of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thouſand pounds a year, annual ſupport,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I ſhould tender;
More than my all, is nothing: Nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wiſhes
More worth than vanities; yet pray'rs and wiſhes
Are all I can return. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing handmaid to his Highneſs;
Whoſe health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I ſhall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well; (15)
Beauty and honour in her are ſo mingled, [*Aſide.*
That they have caught the King; and who knows yet,
But from this Lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this iſle?—I'll to the King,
And ſay, I ſpoke with you. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*
Anne. My honour'd Lord.
Old L. Why, this it is: ſee, ſee!
I have been begging ſixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could

(15) *I've peruſed her well:*] From the many artful ſtrokes of addreſs the Poet has thrown in upon Queen *Elizabeth* and her mother, it ſhould ſeem, that this play was written and perform'd in his Royal Miſtreſs's time: if ſo, ſome lines were added by him in the laſt ſcene, after the acceſſion of her ſucceſſor, King James.

Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
For any ſuit of pounds: And you, oh fate!
(A very freſh fiſh here; fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſtes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once, ('tis an old ſtory)
That would not be a Queen, that would ſhe not,
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleaſant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioneſs of *Pembroke*!
A thouſand pounds a year, for pure reſpect!
No other obligation? By my life,
That promiſes more thouſands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-ſkirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Dutcheſs. Say,
Are you not ſtronger than you were?
Anne. Good Lady,
Make yourſelf mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this ſalute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortleſs, and we forgetful
In our long abſcence; pray, do not deliver
What here y'ave heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſilver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Biſhops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rocheſter, *and St.* Aſaph; *next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purſe, with the great ſeal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Prieſts, bearing each a ſilver croſs; then a gentleman-uſher bare-headed, accompanied with a ſerjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great ſilver pillars; after them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the ſword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of ſtate; the two Cardinals ſit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelves on each ſide the Court, in manner of a Conſiſtory: below them, the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in convenient order about the ſtage.*

Wol. WHilſt our commiſſion from *Rome* is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides th' authority allow'd;
You may then ſpare that time.
Wol. Be't ſo; proceed.
Scribe. Say, *Henry* King of *England*, come into the court.
Cryer. Henry King of *England*, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, *Catharine* Queen of *England*,
Come into the court.
Cryer. Catharine, Queen of *England*, &c.
[*The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then ſpeaks;*]
Sir, I deſire you, do me right and juſtice;
And to beſtow your pity on me; for
I am a moſt poor woman, and a ſtranger.

Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for
A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel

I will implore. If not, i' th' name of God,
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe rev'rend fathers, men
Of ſingular integrity and learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' land, who are aſſembled
To plead your cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſs,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unſettled in the King.
Cam. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well and juſtly; therefore, Madam,
It's fit this royal ſeſſion do proceed;
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinal,
To you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam?
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd ſo; certain,
The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
I'll turn to ſparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet——
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before;
Or God will puniſh me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumſtances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
You ſhall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my Lord and me;
Which God's dew quench! therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my ſoul
Refuſe you for my judge; whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſs,
You ſpeak not like yourſelf; who ever yet
Have ſtood to charity, and diſplay'd th' effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdom
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.

I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further ſhall, is warranted
By a commiſſion from the conſiſtory,
Yea, the whole conſiſt'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
The King is preſent; if't be known to him
That I gainſay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falſhood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſs ſhall ſpeak in, I do beſeech
You, gracious Madam, to unthink your ſpeaking;
And to ſay ſo no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak [mouth'd;
T'oppoſe your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
You ſign your place and calling, in full ſeeming,
With meekneſs and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, ſpleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſs' favours,
Gone ſlightly o'er low ſteps; and now are mounted,
Where pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
Domeſticks to you, ſerve your will, as't pleaſe
Yourſelf pronounce their office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſon's honour, than
Your high profeſſion ſpiritual. That again
I do refuſe you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cauſe 'fore his Holineſs;
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to juſtice, apt t'accuſe it, and
Diſdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of *England*, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way.
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! —— pray you, pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

King. Go thy ways, *Kate*;
That man i'th'world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted;
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sov'reign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself tow'rds me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once, and fully satisfy'd;) if I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't; or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal Lady, spake one the least word,
That might be prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like the village curs,
Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But will you be more justify'd? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd it
The passage made towards it:—On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point; (16)
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
I will be bold with time and your attention:
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came; give heed to't.
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By th' Bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* Ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the Bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise,
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, (17)

(16) —— *on my honour*
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point.]

In all the editions, excepting Mr. *Rowe*'s, this passage has been pointed mistakingly, as if the *King* were speaking to the *Cardinal*: but this is not the poet's intention. The *King*, having first address'd to *Wolsey*, breaks off: and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *Cardinal*'s sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business.

(17) —— *This respite shook*
The bosom *of my conscience*,] Tho' this reading be sense, and therefore I have not ventur'd to displace it; yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote;

The bottom *of my conscience*, ——

My reason is this. *Shakespeare* in all his historical plays was a most diligent observer of *Hollingshead*'s chronicle; and had him always in eye, wherever he thought fit to borrow any matter from him. Now *Hollingshead*, in the speech which he has given to King *Henry* upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus. "Which words once "conceived within the secret *bottom* of my *conscience*, ingendred such "a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accom-"bred, vex'd, and disquieted." *Hol.* Life of *Henry* VIIIth p. 907.

Yea,

Yea, with a ſplitting power; and made to tremble
The region of my breaſt; which forc'd ſuch way,
That many-mann'd conſiderings did throng,
And preſt in with this caution. Firſt, methought,
I ſtood not in the ſmile of heav'n, which had
Commanded nature, that my Lady's womb
(If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) ſhould
Do no more Offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male-iſſue
Or died where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
(Well worthy the beſt heir o'th' world) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms ſtood in
By this my iſſue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
The wild ſea of my conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectify my conſcience, (which
I then did feel full-ſick, and yet not well;)
By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd. Firſt, I began in private
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,
How under my oppreſſion I did reek, (18)
When I firſt mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my Liege.

King. I have ſpoke long; be pleas'd yourſelf to ſay
How far you ſatisfy'd me.

Lin. Pleaſe your Highneſs,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread; that I committed
The daring'ſt counſel, which I had, to doubt:
And did intreat your Highneſs to this courſe,
Which you are running here.

(18) ——— *my oppreſſion I did* reel,] This Word firſt got place in Mr. *Rowe*'s edition; all the old copies read, as I have reſtor'd in the text, *reek*; i. e. ſweat under the burden, and agony of my anxieties.

King.

King. I then mov'd you, (19)
My Lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
To make this present summons: Unsolicited
I left no rev'rend person in this court,
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
For no dislike i'th' world against the person
Or our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
(*Catharine* our Queen) before the primest creature
That's paragon'd i'th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day;
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the Court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

(19) ——— *I then* mov'd *you*,
My Lord of Canterbury, *and* got your leave
To make this present summons unsolicited] Thus all the impressions. But these sagacious editors have palm'd a strange piece of nonsense upon us, from a false pointing. What! did the King *move* the Bishop, nay, and so *move* him as to *get his leave*, and yet could the summons be said to be *unsolicited*? I have rescu'd the text from such an absurd contradiction: and, again, done it upon the authority of honest *Hollingshead*. —— "I moved it in confession to you, my "Lord of *Lincoln*, then ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you "yourself were in some doubt, you mov'd me to ask the counsel of "all these my Lords. Whereupon I *moved* you, my Lord of *Can-*"*terbury*, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metro-"politan, to put this matter in question; and *so I did all of you*, "my Lords." *Hollingshead.* ibid. p. 908.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, the *Queen's* Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

QUEEN.

TAKE thy lute, wench, my ſoul grows ſad with troubles:
Sing, and diſperſe 'em, if thou canſt: leave working.

SONG.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his muſick, plants and flowers
Ever ſprung, as ſun and ſhowers
There had made a laſting ſpring.
Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the ſea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet muſick is ſuch art,
Killing care, and grief of heart
Fall aſleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?

Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come near; what can be their buſineſs
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
They ſhould be good men, their affairs as righteous,
But *all hoods make not monks.*

Enter the Cardinals Wolſey *and* Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highneſs!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a houſe-wife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't pleaſe you, noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o'my conſcience,
Deſerves a corner; would, all other women
Could ſpeak this with as free a ſoul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw 'em;
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em;
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſs
Do ſeek me out, and that way I am wiſe in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta eſt ergà te mentis integritas, Regina Sereniſſima, ——

Queen. O, good my Lord, no *Latin*;
I am not ſuch a truant ſince my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A ſtrange tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpicious:
Pray, ſpeak in *Engliſh*; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor miſtreſs' ſake.
Believe me, ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in *Engliſh*.

Wol. Noble Lady,
I'm ſorry my integrity ſhould breed
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accuſation
To taint that honour, every good tongue bleſſes;

Nor

Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: but to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honeſt men, our juſt opinions
And comforts to your cauſe.

Cam. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cenſure
Both of his truth and him; (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a ſign of peace
His ſervice and his counſel.——

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men: pray God, ye prove ſo!
But how to make ye ſuddenly an anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to ſuch men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was ſet at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſs.
For her ſake that I have been, (for I feel
The laſt fit of my greatneſs) good your Graces,
Let me have time and council for my cauſe:
Alas! I am a woman, friendleſs, hopeleſs.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with thoſe fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: can you think, Lords,
That any *Engliſh* man dare give me counſel?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſs' pleaſure,
(Though he be grown ſo deſp'rate to be honeſt,)
And live a ſubject? nay, forſooth, my friends——
They, that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would, your Grace

Would

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heav'n is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my Lords: is this your comfort?
The cordial, that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's sake, left at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing, but churchmens habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, h'as banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my Lords;
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this!

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory;)

Never

Never yet branded with ſuſpicion?
Have I, with all my full affections
Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
Been, out of fondneſs, ſuperſtitious to him;
Almoſt forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her husband,
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleaſure;
And to that woman, when ſhe has done moſt,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My Lord, I dare not make myſelf ſo guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me ——

Queen. Would I had never trod this *Engliſh* earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye've angels faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
What ſhall become of me now! wretched Lady!
I am the moſt unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Ship-wrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
Almoſt, no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
That once was miſtreſs of the field and flouriſh'd,
I'll hang my head, and periſh.

Wol. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honeſt;
You'ld feel more comfort. Why ſhould we, good Lady,
Upon what cauſe, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profeſſion is againſt it:
We are to ear ſuch ſorrows, not to ſow 'em. (20)

For

(20) *We are to* cure *ſuch ſorrows, not to* ſow *'em.*] There is no *antithesis* in theſe terms, nor any conſonance of the *metaphors:* both which my emendation reſtores.

We are to ear *ſuch ſorrows, not to* ſowe *'em.* i. e. to weed them up, harrow them out. So our poet uſes this word in his *Anth.* and *Cleop.* Act 1.

—O

For goodneſs ſake, conſider what you do;
How you may hurt yourſelf; nay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſs obedience,
So much they love it: but to ſtubborn ſpirits,
They ſwell and grow as terrible as ſtorms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A ſoul as even as a calm; pray, think us
Thoſe we profeſs, peace-makers, friends and ſervants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it ſo: you wrong your virtues
With theſe weak womens fears. A noble ſpirit,
As yours was put into you, ever caſts
Such doubts, as falſe coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware, you loſe it not; for us (if you pleaſe
To truſt us in your buſineſs) we are ready
To uſe our utmoſt ſtudies in your ſervice. [me,

Queen. Do what you will, my Lords; and, pray, forgive
If I have us'd myſelf unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemly anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray, do my ſervice to his Majeſty.
He has my heart yet; and ſhall have my prayers,
While I ſhall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers:
Beſtow your counſels on me. She now begs,
That little thought, when ſhe ſet footing here,
She ſhould have bought her dignities ſo dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Anti-chamber to the *King*'s Apartments.

Enter Duke of Norfolk, *Duke of* Suffolk, *Lord* Surrey, *and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a conſtancy, the Cardinal
Cannot ſtand under them. If you omit

——O then, we bring forth *weeds*,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ills, told us,
Is as our *earing*.

i. e. as, rooting them up. This word with us may be deriv'd not only from *arare* to *plow*, but the old *Saxon* word, *ear*, which ſignified a *harrow*.

The

The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtain more new diſgraces,
With theſe you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? when did he regard (21)
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeak your pleaſures:
What he deſerves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his acceſs to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not,
His ſpell in that is out; the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ſettled,
Not to come off, in his moſt high diſpleaſure.
Sur. I ſhould be glad to hear ſuch news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wiſh mine enemy.

(21) ——— *when did he regard*
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any perſon
Out of himſelf?] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, this borders upon the abſurd, both in the expreſſion and matter: and adviſes to read,
——— *when did he regard*
The ſtamp of nobleneſs in any man,
Out of't himſelf?
This adds a poignancy, 'tis certain, and ſatirical reflection to *Suffolk*'s ſpeech; and accounts, why *Wolſey* ſhould not regard nobility in another, who had no native pretenſions to it, upon which to value himſelf.

Sur.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. How?
Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And came to th' eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holineſs
To ſtay the judgment o' th' divorce; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Has the King this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his phyſick
After his patient's death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my Lord,
For, I profeſs, you have it.
Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My Amen to't!
Nor. All mens!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young; and may be left (22)
To

(22) *Marry this is but young,*] All the old copies read with me,
Marry, this is yet *but young*;
But the modern editors have expung'd this harmleſs monoſyllable, *yet*; ſuppoſing, the verſe would *ſcan* more ſmoothly without it.
Mār rȳ | thīs īs | būt yoūng |
I ſhould not take notice of ſo trifling a variation, were it not proper to obſerve, that they herein advance a *falſe nicety* of ear againſt the *licence* of SHAKESPEARE's *numbers:* nay, indeed, againſt the licence of all *Engliſh* verſification, in common with that of other languages. They do not ſeem to apprehend, that *Mārry thīs* is in *ſcanſion* plainly an *anapeſt*; and equal to a *ſpondee*, or *foot* of two ſyllables. I ſhall take an opportunity, when I come to *Hamlet*, to ſpeak of the *Pes proceleuſmaticus*, ſo frequent in *Homer*, *Virgil*, and other

To ſome ears unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I perſuade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, Amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more waſps, that buz about his noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is ſtol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cauſe o' th' King unhandled; and
Is poſted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'd, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incenſe him;
And let him cry, ha, louder!
Nor. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer?*
Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have ſatisfy'd the King for his divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almoſt in Chriſtendom; ſhortly, I believe,
His ſecond marriage ſhall be publiſh'd, and
Her coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princeſs Dowager,
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's buſineſs.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it an Archbiſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

other the beſt *claſſical* poets. I'll only add here, that I could produce at leaſt two thouſand of our poet's verſes, that would be diſturb'd by this modern, unreaſonable, chaſteneſs of *meare*.

Enter Wolſey *and* Cromwell.

The Cardinal——

Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' th' inſide of the paper?

Crom. Preſently
He did unſeal them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a ſerious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [*Exit* Cromwell.
It ſhall be to the Dutcheſs of *Alanſon*, [*Aſide.*
The *French* King's ſiſter; he ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen!—no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,——
There's more in't than fair viſage—*Bullen!*——
No, we'll no *Bullens!*—ſpeedily, I wiſh
To hear from *Rome*—the Marchioneſs of *Pembroke!*—

Nor. He's diſcontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy juſtice! [daughter!

Wol. [*Aſide.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a Knight's
To be her miſtreſs' miſtreſs! the Queen's Queen!——
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I muſt ſnuff it,
Then out it goes—what though I know her virtuous,
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran; and not wholeſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie i' th' boſom of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at ſomething.

Enter

Enter King, reading of a ſchedule; and Lovel.

Sur. I would, 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring,
The maſter-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King. ——

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i' th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my Lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and ſtarts;
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; ſtrait,
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops again;
Strikes his breaſt hard, and then anon he caſts
His eye againſt the moon; in moſt ſtrange poſtures
We've ſeen him ſet himſelf.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of ſtate he ſent me to peruſe,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conſcience put unwittingly?
Forſooth, an inventory, thus importing;
The ſeveral parcels of his plate, his treaſure,
Rich ſtuffs and ornaments of houſhold, which
I find at ſuch proud rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a ſubject.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some ſpirit put this paper in the packet,
To bleſs your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on ſpiritual objects, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his muſings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His ſerious conſidering.

[*He takes his ſeat, whiſpers* Lovel, *who goes to* Wolſey.

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——

Ever

Ever God bleſs your Highneſs!—
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly ſtuff, and bear the inventory
Of your beſt graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from ſpiritual leiſure a brief ſpan,
To keep your earthly audit; ſure, in that
I deem you an ill huſband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time;
A time, to think upon the part of buſineſs
I bear i' th' ſtate; and nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which, perforce,
I her frail ſon, amongſt my brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.
King. You have ſaid well.
Wol. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
As I will lend you cauſe, my doing well
With my well ſaying!
King. 'Tis well ſaid again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you;
He ſaid, he did: and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home;
But par'd my preſent havings, to beſtow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What ſhould this mean? [*Aſide.*
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs! [*Aſide.*
King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the ſtate? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confeſs it, ſay withal,
If you are bound to us, or no? what ſay you?
Wol. My Sovereign, I confeſs, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily have been more than could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours

Have

Have ever come too ſhort of my deſires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own ends.
Have been mine ſo, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your moſt ſacred perſon, and
The profit of the ſtate. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeſerver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly anſwer'd:
A loyal and obedient ſubject is
Therein illuſtrated; the honour of it
Does pay the act of it, as i' th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; ſo your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profeſs,
That for your Highneſs' good I ever labour'd,
More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be
Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their ſoul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock againſt the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And ſtand unſhaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly ſpoken;
Take notice, Lords, he has a loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o'er this,
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this; and then to breakfaſt, with
What appetite you may.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal* Wolſey; *the Nobles throng after him, whiſpering and ſmiling.*

Wol. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntſman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper:
I fear, the ſtory of his anger—'tis ſo——
This paper has undone me—'tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And ſee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What croſs devil
Made me put this main ſecret in the packet
I ſent the King? is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay, then farewel;
I've touch'd the higheſt point of all my greatneſs;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haſte now to my ſetting. I ſhall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Wolſey, *the Dukes of* Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great ſeal preſently
Into our hands, and to confine yourſelf
To *Aſher-houſe*, my Lord of *Wincheſter's*,
'Till you hear further from his Highneſs.

Wol. Stay:
Where's your commiſſion, Lords? words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.

Suf. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſly?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean, your malice;) know, officious Lords,

I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarſe metal ye are molded,—Envy:
How eagerly ye follow my diſgrace,
As if it fed ye; and how ſleek, and wanton,
Y' appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courſes, men of malice;
You have chriſtian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That ſeal,
You aſk with ſuch a violence, the King
(Mine and your maſter) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodneſs,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King, that gave it.
Wol. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, prieſt.
Wol. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe forty hours *Surrey* durſt better
Have burnt that tongue, than ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou ſcarlet ſin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You ſent me deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his ſuccour; from the King; from all,
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him:
Whilſt your great goodneſs, out of holy pity,
Abſolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little honeſty as honour;
That I, i' th' way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man than *Surrey* can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' th' life-blood of thee else. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? if we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel, nobility; let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach,

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion:
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to th' Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you, (23)
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay

(23) *Worse than the sacring bell,*—] This absurd reading has only sound place in Mr. *Pope's* two editions. I have restor'd, from all the best copies, *sacring* bell. That gentleman, sure, should know, that in *Roman Catholick* countries the little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of that church, is call'd, the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the *French* word, *Sacrer*. And, CHAUCER, I find, in his *dream*, has made use of the word *Sacre*, to signify consecration, or holy office.

Which tent was church parochial,
Ordaint was in especial
For the feste, and for the *Sacre*;

The facetious *Rabelais*, book 2d. ch. 26. particularly mentions the *sacring* bell. *Pleust a Dieu, que chascun de vous eust deus paires de sonnettes de sacre au mercur.* I wish to God, every one of you had two couples of *sacring bells* dangling at your chins.

And *sacring* is frequently mention'd by writers about our author's time.

In K. *Richard* the first's time, a fray happen'd, on the day of his coronation,

Lay kiſſing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I'm bound in charity againſt it!

Nor. Thoſe articles, my Lord, are in the King's hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can, bluſh, and cry guilty, Cardinal;
You'll ſhew a little honeſty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worſt objections: if I bluſh,
It is to ſee a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want thoſe, than my head; have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legat; by which power
You maim'd the juriſdiction of all biſhops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your ſervant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or council, when you went
Ambaſſador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great ſeal.

Sur. Item, You ſent a large commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the ſtate's allowance,
A league between his Highneſs and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of mere ambition, you have made

coronation, againſt the *Jews*, who, contrary to the King's own proclamation, would needs enter the church to ſee him *ſacred*.
Stow's Survey of *London*.

In the mean time being near to a church, he heard a little *ſacring bell* ring to the elevation of a morrow-maſs.
Scot's Diſcovery of *Witchcraft*.

You ſhall ring the *ſacring bell*,
Keep your hours, and tell your knell.
Merry Devil of *Edmonton*.

Your holy hat be ſtampt on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*; and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities, to th' mere undoing
Of all the Kingdom. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little of his great ſelf.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
(Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compaſs of a *Præmunire*)
That therefore ſuch a writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatſoever, and to be (24)
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer,
About the giving back the great ſeal to us,
The King ſhall know it; and, no doubt, ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* Wolſey.

Wol. So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow bloſſoms,

(24) Caſtles, *and whatſoever,*] I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *Chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, for this good reaſons becauſe, as our law-books inform us, the judgment in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant ſhall *be* from thenceforth *out of the King's protection*; and his *lands* and *tenements*, *goods* and CHATTELS forfeited to the King; and that his body ſhall remain in priſon at the King's pleaſure. But becauſe it may be objected, that *Shakeſpeare* had no acquaintance with the law-books, it will be proper to take notice, that this very deſcription of the *Præmunire* is ſet out by *Holingſhead* in his *Life* of K. *Henry* VIIIth p. 909.

And

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost:
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory:
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, *standing amaz'd.*

Why how now, *Cromwell?*

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? nay, if you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell.*
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas More* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden.
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation. [*Cromwell.*

Wol. There was the weight, that pull'd me down. O
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell*;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the King;
(That sun, I pray, may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear

Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwell* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries; but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me *Cromwell*;
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard: ſay then, I taught thee;
Say, *Wolſey*, that once trod the ways of glory, (25)
And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt: cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee: (26)

(25) —— trod *the* ways *of glory*,] Mr. *Warburton*, who thinks the *Metaphor* here miſerably mangled, conjectures the poet wrote;

—— rode *the* waves *of glory*.

'Tis certain, the words, *ſounded*, *depths*, *ſhoals*, *wreck*, which follow, all countenance this emendation; and therefore though I have not ventur'd to diſturb the text, ſtill I think it very worthy of conſideration.

(26) —— *cheriſh thoſe hearts that* hate *thee*.] The' this be an admirable precept in private life, and full of the divinity that firſt inſpired it: yet it was never calculated, nor deſign'd, for the direction of the Magiſtrate or Publick Miniſter. Nor could this be the precept of an experienced ſtateſman for his pupil's future conduct. This would make a good chriſtian, but a very ill and very unjuſt ſtateſman: and we have nothing ſo infamous on record as the ſuppoſ'd advice given to King *Charles* the 2d, to *cheriſh his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion, that our poet wrote;

—— *cheriſh thoſe hearts, that* wait *thee*:

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had been *Wolſey*'s ruin. He was not ſolicitous enough of making dependants by his bounty, but too intent on amaſſing wealth for himſelf. The following line likewiſe ſeems to confirm the emendation:

Corruption *wins not more than* honeſty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occaſions by bribery, of ſo much uſe to you, as friends made by a juſt and generous munificence. Mr. *Warburton*.

Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends, thou aim'ſt at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O *Cromwell*,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in——
There, take an inventory of all I have;
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell*, *Cromwell*,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street in *Weſtminſter*.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU'RE well met once again.
2 *Gen.* And ſo are you.
1 *Gen.* You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* paſs from her Coronation.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my buſineſs. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow:
This, general joy.
2 *Gen.* 'Tis well; the citizens,
I'm ſure, have ſhewn at full their loyal minds,
And let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with ſhews,
Pageants, and ſights of honour.
1 *Gen.* Never greater,

Nor,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.
2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gen.* Yea, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be High Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal; you may read the rest.
2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Ampthil*, where the Princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.
2 *Gen.* Alas, good Lady! ——
The trumpets sound; stand close, the Queen is coming.
Hautboys.

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
2. *Then, two Judges.*
3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
5. *Mayor of* London, *bearing the mace. Then* Garter *in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
6. *Marquis of* Dorset, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey, *bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of S S.*

7. *Duke*

7. *Duke of* Suffolk, *in a robe of eſtate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the rod of marſhalſhip, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

8. *A canopy borne by four of the* Cinque-ports, *under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London *and* Winchester.

9. *The old Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

10. *Certain Ladies or Counteſſes, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, *with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me; theſe I know;
Who's that, who bears the ſcepter?

1 *Gen.* Marquiſs *Dorſet.*
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the rod.

2 *Gen.* A bold brave Gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of *Suffolk.*

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 *Gen.* And that my Lord of *Norfolk.*

1 *Gen.* Yes.

2 *Gen.* Heav'n bleſs thee!
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
And more and richer, when he ſtrains that Lady:
I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 *Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of ſtate above her, are four Barons
Of the *Cinque-Ports.*

2 *Gen.* Thoſe men are happy; ſo are all, are near her.
I take it, ſhe that carries up the train,
Is that old noble Lady, the Dutcheſs of *Norfolk.*

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are ſtars indeed:
And ſometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir. Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am ſtifled,
With the mere rankneſs of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You ſaw the ceremony?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the ſeeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, ſpeak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich ſtream
Of Lords and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate down
To reſt a while, ſome half an hour, or ſo,
In a rich chair of ſtate; oppoſing freely
The beauty of her perſon to the people:
(Believe me, Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt woman,
That ever lay by man;) which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noiſe aroſe
As the ſhrouds make at ſea in a ſtiff tempeſt,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been looſe, this day they had been loſt. Such joy
I never ſaw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would ſhake the preſs,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could ſay, this is my wife there, all were woven
So ſtrangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the altar, where ſhe kneel'd; and, ſaint-like,
Caſt her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then roſe again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, *Edward* Confeſſor's Crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all ſuch emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,

With

With all the choiceſt muſick of the kingdom,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full ſtate pac'd back again
To *York-Place*, where the feaſt is held.
1 *Gen.* You muſt no more call it *York-Place*, that's paſt;
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.
3 *Gen.* I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 *Gen.* What two reverend Biſhops
Were thoſe, that went on each ſide of the Queen?
3 *Gen.* *Stokeſly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Wincheſter*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.
2 *Gen.* He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbiſhop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.
3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not ſhrink from him.
2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Maſter o'th' jewel-houſe,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gen.* He will deſerve more.
3 *Gen.* Yea, without all doubt.
Come, Gentlemen, you ſhall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ſhall be my gueſts:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Kimbolton*.

Enter Catharine *Dowager*, *ſick*, *led between* Griffith *her Gentleman Uſher*, *and* Patience *her woman*.

Grif. HOW does your Grace?
Cath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing

Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair——
So——now, methinks, I feel a little eaſe. [*Sitting down.*
Didſt thou not tell me, *Griffith*, as thou led'ſt me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think your Grace,
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he ſtept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the ſtout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward (27)
(As a man ſorely tainted) to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At laſt, with eaſy roads he came to *Leiceſter*;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend Abbot,
With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words, "O father Abbot,
"An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,

(27) *Arreſted him at* York.] The Earl of *Northumberland*, and Sir *Walter Walſh*, one of the King's privy chamber, arreſted *Wolſey* of treaſon, at his houſe at *Cawood* in *Yorkſhire* on *Friday* the 4th of *November* 1530. On *Sunday* evening following, in order to be brought up to *London*, he was removed to *Pomfret*; on *Monday*, to *Doncaſter*; and on *Tueſday*, to the Earl of *Shrewſbury*'s ſeat at *Sheffield-Park*. Here he was indulg'd to ſtay upwards of a fortnight; and here, on *Tueſday* the 22d, was ſeiz'd with his laſt illneſs. On *Thurſday* the 24th he began his journey afreſh, tho' not recover'd of his flux, and was carried to another houſe of the Lord *Shrewſbury*'s call'd *Hardwick-Hall*; the next day, to *Nottingham*; and on *Saturday* evening, in a languiſhing condition was brought to the abbey at *Leiceſter*. He immediately took his Bed, and on *Tueſday* following, being the 29th of *November*, and eve of St. *Andrew*, expir'd there.——This ſhort *Journal*, of the laſt ſtage in life, of ſo conſiderable a man, I have thought proper to trace backwards; as imagining, it might not be diſpleaſing to certain curious readers.

About

About the hour of eight, (which he himſelf
Foretold, ſhould be his laſt) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and ſorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His bleſſed part to heav'n, and ſlept in peace.
Cath. So may he reſt, his faults lie gently on him! (28).
Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with charity; he was a man
Of an unbounded ſtomach, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes: one, that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'd all the kingdom; ſimony was fair play:
His own opinion was his law. I' th' preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promiſes were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in braſs, their virtues
We write in water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?
Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal, (29).

Though

(28) *His faults lie* buried with *him!*] This reading was firſt adopted by Mr. *Rowe*; all the old copies have it, as I have reſtor'd in the text. The poet ſeem'd to have in his eye the cuſtomary wiſh among the *Latins*, ——*Sit tibi terra levis!* Which *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have expreſs'd in their MAID'S *Tragedy*;

Upon my buried body lay lightly, gentle earth! The oppoſite to this expreſſion of our poet's here, *his faults lie gently on him!*—occurs frequently in menace to *Richard* 3d, from the ghoſts of thoſe whom he had murder'd:

Let me *ſit heavy* on thy ſoul to-morrow!
Let us be *laid* within thy boſom, *Richard*,
And *weigh* thee *down* to ruin!

(29) —— *This Cardinal*,
Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe, and good one;] Thus this paſſage has hitherto

Though from an humble ſtock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
He was a ſcholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſuading;
Lofty and ſour to them, that lov'd him not;
But to thoſe men, that ſought him, ſweet as ſummer.
And though he were unſatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford!* one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfiniſh'd, yet ſo famous,
So excellent in art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendom ſhall ever ſpeak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happineſs upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the bleſſedneſs of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated living, thou haſt made me,
With thy religious truth and modeſty,
Now in his aſhes honour. Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the muſicians play me that ſad note,
I nam'd my knell; whilſt I ſit meditating
On that celeſtial harmony I go to.

Sad and ſolemn muſick.

Grif. She is aſleep: good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

hitherto been moſt abſurdly pointed. That *Wolſey* ſhould be a *wiſe ſcholar* from his *cradle*, is moſt extraordinary and incredible. My alteration of the pointing, I dare be poſitive, gives us the poet's meaning; and expreſſes that character, which, *Holingſhead* tells us, *Edmund Campian*, in his hiſtory of *Ireland*, had given of the Cardinal, *that he was a man undoubtedly* born to honour.

The

The viſion. Enter ſolemnly one after another, ſix perſonages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They firſt congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtſies. Then the two, that held the garland, deliver the ſame to the other next two; who obſerve the ſame order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: Which done, they deliver the ſame garland to the laſt two, who likewiſe obſerve the ſame order: (At which, as it were by inſpiration, ſhe makes in her ſleep ſigns of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And ſo in their dancing vaniſh, carrying the garland with them. The muſick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye gone?
And leave me here in wretchedneſs behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for;
Saw ye none enter, ſince I ſlept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? ſaw you not ev'n now a bleſſed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beams upon me, like the ſun?
They promis'd me eternal happineſs,
And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I ſhall aſſuredly.

Grif. I am moſt joyful, Madam, ſuch good dreams
Poſſeſs your fancy.

Cath. Bid the muſick leave,
'Tis harſh and heavy to me. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale ſhe looks,
And of an earthy cold? obſerve her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray,——

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace——

Cath.

Cath. You are a ſaucy fellow,
Deſerve we no more rev'rence?
Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing, ſhe will not loſe her wonted greatneſs,
To uſe ſo rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.
Meſſ. I humbly do intreat your Highneſs' pardon:
My haſte made me unmannerly. There is ſtaying
A gentleman, ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne'er ſee again. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my ſight fail not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius.*
Cap. Madam, the ſame, your ſervant.
Cath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt, mine own ſervice to your Grace; the next,
The King's requeſt that I would viſit you;
Who grieves much for your weakneſs, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.
Cath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle phyſick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm paſt all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highneſs?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Baniſh'd the kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No, Madam.
Cath. Sir, I muſt humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willing, Madam.
Cath. In which I have commended to his goodneſs,

The model of our chaſte loves, his young daughter;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in bleſſings on her!)
Beſeeching him to give her virtuous breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modeſt nature;
I hope, ſhe will deſerve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's ſake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have ſome pity
Upon my wretched women, that ſo long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I ſhould not lye) but well deſerve,
For virtue and true beauty of the ſoul,
For honeſty and decent carriage,
A right good huſband, let him be a noble:
And, ſure, thoſe men are happy, that ſhall have 'em.
The laſt is for my men; they are the pooreſt,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And ſomething over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole contents. And, good my Lord,
By that you love the deareſt in this world,
As you wiſh chriſtian peace to ſouls departed,
Stand theſe poor peoples friend, and urge the King
To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By heav'n, I will;
Or let me loſe the faſhion of a man.

Catb. I thank you, honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highneſs;
And tell him, his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I bleſt him;
For ſo I will—mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My Lord—*Griffith*, farewel—nay, *Patience*,
You muſt not leave me yet. I muſt to bed——
Call in more women—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; ſtrew me over
With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like

A

A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
I can no more —— {*Exeunt, leading* Catharine.

ACT V.

SCENE, before the Palace.

Enter Gardiner *Biſhop of* Wincheſter, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovel.

GARDINER.

IT's one a clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath ſtruck.

Gard. Theſe ſhould be hours for neceſſities,
Not for delights; times, to repair our nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for us
To waſte theſe times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas*;
Whither ſo late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at *Primero*
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I muſt to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir *Thomas Lovel*; what's the matter?
It ſeems, you are in haſte: And if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late buſineſs. Affairs, that walk
(As they ſay, ſpirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the buſineſs
That ſeeks diſpatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,
They ſay, in great extremity; 'tis fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the ſtock, Sir *Thomas*,

I wiſh it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conſcience ſays,
She's a good creature, and (ſweet Lady) does
Deſerve our better wiſhes.
Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*—You're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wiſe, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and ſhe,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, Sir, you ſpeak of two
The moſt remark'd i' th' kingdom; as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the jewel-houſe, he's made maſter
O' th' rolls, and the King's ſecretary: Further,
Stands in the gap and trade for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbiſhop
Is the King's hand, and tongue; and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare; and I myſelf have ventur'd
To ſpeak my mind of him; indeed, this day
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the Lords o' th' council, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt arch-heretick, a peſtilence
That does infect the land; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King; who hath ſo far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace
And princely care, foreſeeing thoſe fell miſchiefs
Our reaſons laid before him; he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good-night, Sir *Thomas*.
[*Exeunt* Gardiner *and Page*.
Lov. Many good-nights, my Lord; I reſt your ſervant.
[*Exit* Lovel.

SCENE

SCENE changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHarles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, *Charles*;
Nor ſhall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovel.

Now, *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not perſonally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I ſent your meſſage; who return'd her thanks
In greateſt humbleneſs, and begg'd your Highneſs
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou! ha!
To pray for her! what! is ſhe crying out?
Lov. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuff'rance made
Almoſt each pang a death.
King. Alas, good Lady!
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highneſs with an heir!
King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*;
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' eſtate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I muſt think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſs
A quiet night, and my good miſtreſs will
Remember in my prayers.
King. *Charles*, a good-night: [*Exit* Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Arch-biſhop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha! *Canterbury!*——
Denny. Yea, my good Lord.

King.

King. 'Tis true—where is he, *Denny?*
Denny. He attends your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Bring him to us. [*Exit* Denny.
Lov. This is about that, which the Biſhop ſpake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aſide.*

Enter Cranmer *and* Denny.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel *ſeemeth to ſtay.*
Ha!—I have ſaid—be gone.
What!—— [*Exeunt* Lovel *and* Denny.
Cran. I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aſpect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now, my Lord? you do deſire to know,
Wherefore I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highneſs' pleaſure.
King. Pray you, riſe;
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury:*
Come, you and I muſt walk a turn together:
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good Lord, I grieve at what I ſpeak;
And am right ſorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and moſt unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do ſay, my Lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you ſhall
This morning come before us; where I know,
You cannot with ſuch freedom purge yourſelf,
But that, till further tryal, in thoſe charges
Which will require your anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our *Tower:* You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed; or elſe no witneſs
Would come againſt you.
Cran. I humbly thank your Highneſs,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn ſhall fly aſunder. For, I know,
There's none ſtands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myſelf, poor man.
King. Stand up, good *Canterbury;*

Thy

Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, ſtand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? my Lord, I look'd,
You would have given me your petition, that
I ſhould have ta'en ſome pains to bring together
Yourſelf and your accuſers, and have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on is my truth and honeſty:
If they ſhall fall, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my perſon; which I weigh not,
Being of thoſe virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i' th' world, with the whole world?
Your foes are many, and not ſmall; their practices
Muſt bear the ſame proportion; and not ever
The juſtice and the truth o' th' queſtion carries
The due o' th' verdict with it. At what eaſe
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To ſwear againſt you? ſuch things have been done.
You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great ſize. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witneſs, than your maſter,
Whoſe miniſter you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And wooe your own deſtruction.

Cran. God and your Majeſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They ſhall no more prevail, than we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this morning ſee
You do appear before them. If they chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you;
The beſt perſuaſions to the contrary
Fail not to uſe; and with what vehemency
Th' occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring

Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honeſt, on mine honour. God's bleſt mother!
I ſwear, he is true-hearted; and a ſoul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* Cranmer.
He's ſtrangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. Within. Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldneſs manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and ſhade thy perſon
Under their bleſſed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I gueſs thy meſſage. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever bleſs her!—'tis a girl,
Promiſes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your viſitation; and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,——

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.
[*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for ſuch payment.
I will have more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll
Have more, or elſe unſay't: now, while 'tis hot,
I'll put it to the iſſue. [*Exit Lady.*

SCENE, before the *Council-chamber.*

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was ſent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haſte. All faſt? what means this? hoa!
Who waits there? ſure, you know me?

Enter

Enter Door-Keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my Lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your Grace muſt wait, 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.—

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad,
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall underſtand it preſently. [*Exit* Butts.

Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,
The King's phyſician; as he paſt along,
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes upon me!
Pray heav'n, he ſound not my diſgrace! for certain,
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never ſought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at door: a fellow-counſellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys! but their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight—

King. What's that, *Butts?*

Butts. I think, your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.

King. Body o' me: where is it?

Butts. There, my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his ſtate at door 'mongſt purſevants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,
They'd parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt, good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his place, and ſo near our favour,
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures;
And at the door too, like a poſt with packets.
By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain cloſe.
We ſhall hear more anon,——

SCENE, the *Council.*

A council-table brought in with chairs and ſtools, and placed under the ſtate. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himſelf at the upper end of the table on the left hand: A ſeat being left void above him, as for the Archbiſhop of Canterbury. *Duke of* Suffolk, *Duke of* Norfolk, Surrey, *Lord Chamberlain, and* Gardiner, *ſeat themſelves in order on each ſide.* Cromwel *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. SPeak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary; (30)
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury.*
Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
D. Keep. My Lord Arch-biſhop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
[Cranmer *approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good Lord Arch-biſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That chair ſtand empty: but we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty
And want of wiſdom, you, that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd yourſelf, and not a little:

(30) Chan. *Speak to the buſineſs,*] This Lord *Chancellor*, tho' a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. In the laſt ſcene of the fourth act, we heard, that Sir *Thomas Moor* was appointed Lord Chancellor; but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. *Wolſey*, by command, deliver'd up the ſeals on the 18th of *November* 1529; on the 25th of the ſame month, they were deliver'd to Sir *Thomas Moor*, who ſurrender'd them on the 16th of *May*, 1532. Now the concluſion of this ſcene taking notice of Queen *Elizabeth*'s birth, (which brings it down to the Year 1534.) Sir *Thomas Audlie* muſt neceſſarily be our poet's *Chancellor*; who ſucceeded Sir *Thomas Moor*, and held the ſeals many years.

Toward

Toward the King firſt, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are hereſies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation muſt be ſudden too,
My noble Lords; for thoſe, that tame wild horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouths with ſtubborn bits, and ſpur 'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
(Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pity
To one man's honour) this contagious ſickneſs,
Farewel all phyſick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole ſtate: as of late days our neighbours
The upper *Germany* can dearly witneſs,
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords, hitherto, in all the progreſs
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little ſtudy) that my teaching,
And the ſtrong courſe of my authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well; nor is there living
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirs againſt,
(Both in his private conſcience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With leſs allegiance in it! men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nouriſhment,
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That, in this caſe of juſtice, my accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.

Suf. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a counſellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.

Gard. My Lord, becauſe we've buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort wi' you. 'Tis his Highneſs' pleaſure,
And our conſent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;

Where, being but a private man again,
You ſhall know, many dare accuſe you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ay, my good Lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,
You're always my good friend; if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip judge and juror,
You are ſo merciful. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win ſtraying ſouls with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear myſelf,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conſcience
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a ſectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers,
To men, that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, you are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; men ſo noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worſt
Of all this table, ſay ſo.
Crom. Why, my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new ſect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound, I ſay.
Crom. Would you were half ſo honeſt!
Mens prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbear for ſhame, my Lords.
Gard. I've done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you, my Lord: it ſtands agreed,

I

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a priſoner;
There to remain, till the King's further pleaſure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, Lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' *Tower*, my Lords?
Gard. What other
Would you expect? you're ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o' th' guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a traitor then?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i' th' *Tower*.
Cran. Stay, good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there, Lords,
By virtue of that ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt noble judge, the King my maſter.
Cham. This is the King's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis his right ring, by heav'n. I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dang'rous ſtone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourſelves.
Nor. D' you think, my Lords,
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain.
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the devil
And his diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye; now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them; takes his ſeat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
In daily thanks, that gave us ſuch a Prince;
[heav'n

Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious;
One, that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty, out of dear reſpect,
His royal ſelf in judgment comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender.
King. You're ever good at ſudden commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter.* But know, I come not
To hear ſuch flatt'ries now; and in my preſence
They are too thin and baſe to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach: you play the ſpaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoe'er thou tak'ſt me for, I'm ſure,
Thou haſt a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, ſit down: now let me ſee the proudeſt
To Cranmer.
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May't pleaſe your Grace——
King. No, Sir, it does not pleaſe me.
I thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding
And wiſdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it diſcretion, Lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deſerve that title)
This honeſt man, wait like a louſy foot-boy
At chamber-door, and one as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? did my commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
Pow'r, as he was a counſellor to try him;
Not as a groom. There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye means;
Which ye ſhall never have, while I do live.
Cham. My moſt dread Sovereign, may it like your Grace
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his impriſonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I'm ſure, in me.
King. Well, well, my Lords, reſpect him:

Take

Take him, and uſe him well; he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a ſubject, I
Am, for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends for ſhame, my Lords. My Lord of *Canterbury*,
I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me.
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptiſm;
You muſt be god-father, and anſwer for her.

Cran. The greateſt monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour; how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?

King. Come, come, my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons: you ſhall have
Two noble partners with you: the old Dutcheſs
Of *Norfolk*, and the Lady Marqueſs *Dorſet*——
Once more, my Lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heav'n
Witneſs, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, thoſe joyful tears ſhew thy true heart:
The common voice, I ſee, is verify'd
Of thee, which ſays thus: do my Lord of *Canterbury*
But one ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, Lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a chriſtian.
As I have made ye one, Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the *Palace-yard.*

Noiſe and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

YOu'll leave your noiſe anon, ye raſcals; do you take take the Court for *Paris Garden?* ye rude ſlaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em:

I'll ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing chriſtnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude raſcals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible (Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with cannons) To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep On *May*-day morning; which will never be: We may as well puſh againſt *Pauls*, as ſtir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one ſound cudgel of four foot (You ſee the poor remainder) could diſtribute, I made no ſpare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I ſpar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or ſhe, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to ſee a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God ſave her.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good Mr. Puppy. Keep the door cloſe, ſirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What ſhould you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Moreſields* to muſter in? or have we ſome ſtrange *Indian* with the great tool come to court, the women ſo beſiege us? bleſs me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my chriſtian conſcience, this one chriſtning will beget a thouſand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The ſpoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow ſomewhat near the door, he ſhould be a braſier by his face; for, o' my conſcience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's noſe; all that ſtand about him are under the line, they need no other penance; that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his noſe diſcharged againſt me; he ſtands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdaſher's wife of ſmall wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the ſtate. I miſt the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, clubs!

clubs! when I might ſee from far ſome forty truncheoneers draw to her ſuccour; which were the hope of the ſtrand, where ſhe was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-ſtaff with me, I defy'd 'em ſtill; when ſuddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd ſuch a ſhower of pibbles, looſe ſhot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongſt 'em, I think, ſurely.

Port. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a play-houſe, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Lime-houſe*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three days; beſides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here?
They grow ſtill too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair. Where are theſe porters;
Theſe lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows;
There's a trim rabble let in; are all theſe
Your faithful friends o' th' ſuburbs? we ſhall have
Great ſtore of room, no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſs back from th' chriſtning?

Port. Pleaſe your honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and ſuddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
Ye ſhould do ſervice. Hark, the trumpets ſound;
Th' are come already from the chriſtning;
Go break among the preſs, and find a way out
To let the troop paſs fairly; or I'll find
A *Marſhalſea*, ſhall hold ye play theſe two months.

Port.

Port. Make way there for the Princeſs.

Man. You great fellow, ſtand cloſe up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i' th' camblet, get up o' th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales elſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the Palace.

Enter Trumpets ſounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk *with his Marſhal's ſtaff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great ſtanding bowls for the chriſtening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioneſs of* Dorſet, *the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop paſs once about the ſtage, and* Garter *ſpeaks.*

Gart. HEav'n, from thy endleſs goodneſs ſend long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princeſs of *England*, fair *Elizabeth!*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and myſelf thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this moſt gracious Lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good Lord Arch-biſhop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, Lord.
With this kiſs take my bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble goſſips, y' have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: ſo ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe has ſo much *Engliſh.*

Cran. Let me ſpeak, Sir;
(For heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This

This royal infant, (heaven ſtill move about her)
Though in her cradle, yet now promiſes
Upon this land a thouſand thouſand bleſſings,
Which time ſhall bring to ripeneſs. She ſhall be
(But few now living can behold that goodneſs)
A pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed. *Sheba* was never
More covetous of wiſdom and fair virtue,
Than this bleſt ſoul ſhall be. All Princely graces,
That mould up ſuch a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall nurſe her:
Holy and heav'nly thoughts ſtill counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her foes ſhake, like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow. Good grows with her,
In her days, ev'ry man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and ſing
The merry ſongs of peace to all his neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her
From her ſhall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by thoſe their greatneſs, not by blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herſelf;
So ſhall ſhe leave her bleſſedneſs to one,
(When heav'n ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Who from the ſacred aſhes of her honour
Shall ſtar-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the ſervants to this choſen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Where-ever the bright ſun of heav'n ſhall ſhine,
His honour and the greatneſs of his name
Shall be, and make new nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him: children's children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs heav'n.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran.

Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of *England*, (31)
An aged Princeſs; many days ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would, I had known no more! but ſhe muſt die, (32)
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her yet a virgin;
A moſt unſpotted lilly ſhe ſhall paſs
To th' ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbiſhop,
Thou'ſt made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.

(31) *She ſhall be to the happineſs of* England,
An aged Princeſs;] The tranſition here from the complimentary addreſs to King *James* the Firſt is ſo abrupt, that it ſeems obvious to me that compliment was inſerted after the acceſſion of that Prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; we may eaſily determine where *Cranmer*'s eulogium of that Princeſs concluded. I make no queſtion but the poet reſted here;

And claim by thoſe their greatneſs, not by blood. All that the Biſhop ſays after this, was an occaſional homage paid to her ſucceſſor; and evidently inſerted after her demiſe. How naturally, without this inſertion, does the King's joy, and ſatisfactory reflection upon the Biſhop's prophecy come in!

King. *Thou ſpeakeſt wonders. O Lord Archbiſhop,*
Thou'ſt made me now a man. Never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing, &c.

Whether the King would ſo properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of ſo great hopes ſhould die without iſſue, is ſubmitted to judgment.

(32) *Would I had known no more: but ſhe muſt die,*
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her; yet a virgin,
A moſt unſpotted lilly, &c.] Thus the editors hitherto, in their ſagacity, have pointed this paſſage, and deſtroy'd the true ſenſe of it. The firſt part of this ſentence is a wiſh: The other ſhould be a ſorrowful continuation of the Biſhop's prophecy. But, ſure, *Cranmer* was too wiſe and pious a man, too well acquainted with the ſtate of mortality, to make it a part of his lamentation that this good Princeſs muſt one time or other go to heaven. As I point it, the poet makes a fine compliment to his royal miſtreſs's memory, to lament that ſhe muſt die without leaving an heir of her body behind her. *Palamon* and *Arcite*, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, being made priſoners to *Theſeus*, and fearing they ſhall die in that captivity, lament their fate, I remember, in much the ſame manner,

——Here the graces of our youths muſt wither,
Like a too timely ſpring; here age muſt find us,
And, which is heavieſt, *Palamon*, unmarried.

This

This oracle of comfort has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in heav'n, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this child does, and praiſe my maker.
I thank ye all.—To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden: (33)
I have receiv'd much honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankful. Lead the way, Lords;
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye,
She will be ſick elſe. This day no man think,
H'as buſineſs at his houſe, for all ſhall ſtay;
This little one ſhall make it holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

(33) *And* you *good brethren,*] But, the *Aldermen* never were call'd brethren to the King. The top of the nobility are but couſins and counſellors. Dr. *Thirlby*, therefore, rightly adviſed;

And your *good brethren* ——

i. e. the Lord Mayor's brethren; which is properly their ſtyle. So in the *chorus* before the 5th Act of *Henry* V.

The *Mayor*, and all *his brethren* in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senators of antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conqu'ring *Cæſar* in.

EPILOGUE.

'TIS ten to one, this play can never pleaſe
All that are here: ſome come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep an act or two; but thoſe, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets: ſo, 'tis clear,
They'll ſay, it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, *that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good w'are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful conſtruction of good wom'n;
(For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em) If they ſmile,
And ſay, 'twill do; I know, within awhile
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the FIFTH Volume.

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